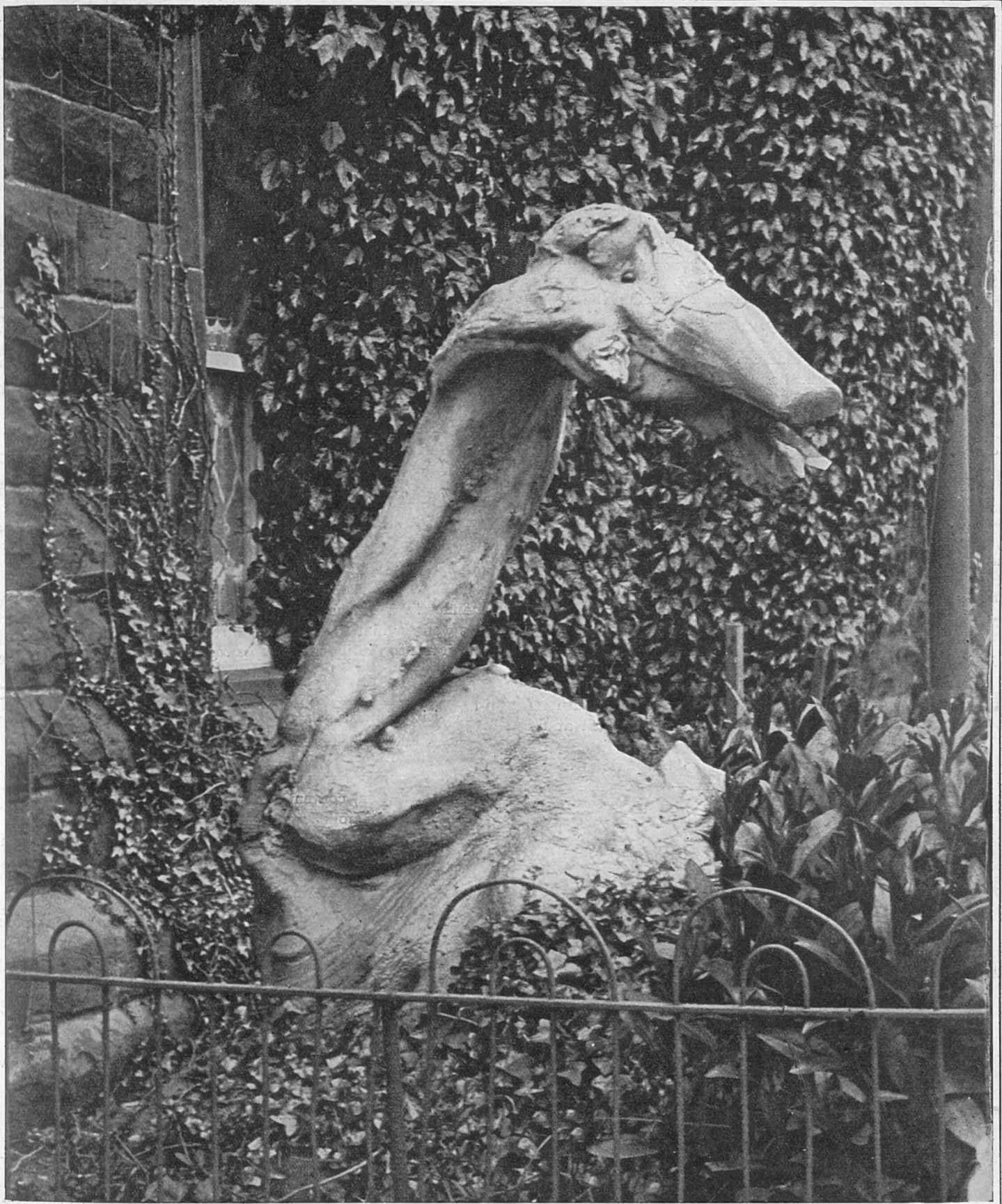


The Sketch

No. 1022.—Vol. LXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



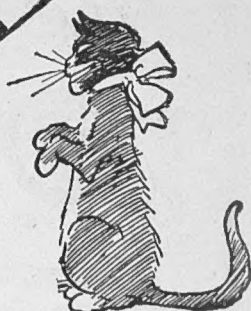
THE SILLY SEASON'S OWN SEA SERPENT REALLY FOUND AT LAST! A "MONSTER" CAST BY THE SEA ON TO THE BEACH AT WHITLEY.

This curious "monster from the deep" is nothing more fearsome than a tree-trunk fantastically shaped by nature. It now guards the entrance to Whitley Convalescent Home.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

MERRY MUDBAY (A GUIDE TO). PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.

*"Men of Mudbay, pull together!
Never fear the wind or weather!
Now a long pull!
Then a strong pull!
Pull with might and main!
When you can't pull any more,
Up and pull again!"*

SOME passing mention has been made in these pages of the M.Y.M.U.E.S. These letters, of course, stand for the Mudbay Young Men's United Endeavour Society, the headquarters of which, the magnificent building immediately facing the "Blue Antelope" Hotel, were opened as recently as last year by Sir Joseph Alexander Toller.

It is no exaggeration to say that the erection of this noble pile has completely altered the physical and moral character of Mudbay. Directly you enter the High Street, your eye falls upon the headquarters of the M.Y.M.U.E.S., and we defy you to lose sight of the building whilst you are in the High Street, unless you deliberately turn your back upon it.

The selection of the site was a matter of considerable anxiety, necessitating some hundred and ninety meetings of the Town Council. Certain members were strongly opposed to placing the building exactly opposite the "Blue Antelope." Others pointed out—and, in our humble opinion, very rightly—that our young men should be taught, not to flee from danger, but to look danger in the face. From the reading-room, therefore, from the writing-room, and from the bagatelle-room they can gaze upon the exterior of the "Blue Antelope." They may hear the popping of corks and the clink of glasses! They catch the click-click of the billiard ball! Do they care? Do they waver? Do they mind? No! And why not? Because they have, on their own premises, at one-tenth the cost, the exact equivalent of everything that can be procured at the "Blue Antelope"!

For example, over the mantelshelf in the bar-parlour of the "Antelope" you will find the following stanza—

*"Men of Mudbay, drink together!
Never mind the wind or weather!
Now a long drink!
Then a strong drink!
Drink with might and main!
When you can't drink any more,
Up and drink again!"*

Now look at the verse that stands at the head of this chapter, and you will at once see what we have done in Mudbay for our young men. The verse at the head of this chapter, which, save for the alteration of one word, is identical with the verse over the mantelshelf at the "Antelope," is engraved over the mantelshelf of the reading-room at the headquarters of the M.Y.M.U.E.S.!

But we have gone farther than that. We have prepared a list of the refreshments and recreations to be enjoyed at the "Antelope," and we have placed opposite this list the equivalent as supplied by the M.Y.M.U.E.S. Here is a facsimile of the card that hangs in the entrance-hall—

TARIFF OF REFRESHMENTS.

"BLUE ANTELOPE."		"M.Y.M.U.E.S."	
Scotch Whisky	- 4d.	Limejuice	- 1d.
Irish Whisky	- 4d.	Essence of Lemon	- 1d.
Gin	- 3d.	Barley Water	- ½d.

Continued.]

Brandy	- 4d.	Milk	- 1d.
Draught Ale	- 2d.	Water	- nil.
Draught Stout	- 2d.	Water	- nil.
Bottled Ale	- 3d.	Soda Water	- 1d.
Bottled Stout	- 3d.	Tonic Water	- 1d.
Cold Beef and Ham	- 10d.	Currant Bun	- 1d.
Plate of Hot Meat	- 1s.	"M. Y." Soup	- 2d.
Eggs and Bacon	- 9d.	Two Bananas	- 1d.

TARIFF OF RECREATIONS.

"BLUE ANTELOPE."		"M.Y.M.U.E.S."	
Billiards (per hour)	- 1s.	Bagatelle (per hour)	- 2d.
Pack of Cards	- 1s.	Use of "Halma" set	- ¼d.
Talks with Bar-		Talks with Rev. Eli	
maid	- ???!!!	Toadhunter	- nil.
Smoking Concerts	- ???!!!	Lantern Lectures	- nil.
"Beanfeasts"	- ???!!!	Tiny Sermons	- nil.

THE BANK.

We now pass to another feature of the township, namely, the local branch of the Coat and Waistcoat Bank, Ltd. This pleasant building, which, up to a year ago, was used as a temporary home for the fire engine and water-cart, is an evidence of the advancing prosperity of the town. We have no intention, in these pages, of making invidious comments on the facial expressions of the various clients (a) entering and (b) leaving the bank. We have entire confidence in the discretion of Mr. H. N. Frisk, the manager, whose onerous duty it is to hold our fortunes in his hands. The careless ease with which he shovels up sovereigns, no less than the unostentatious manner in which he wets his finger before counting the bank-notes, has won for him the esteem and regard of his fellow-townsmen. As Virgil has so pithily said, "*Ipse cognoscit.*"

THE WORKHOUSE.

The visitor to Mudbay should on no account leave the town without paying at least one visit to the Mudbay Union. Here, amid vegetables of their own growing, he will find collected together those of us who have thrown up the sponge of life's battle. Cheerful in their destitution, contented with their poverty, they form, perhaps, an even merrier, jollier group than the members of the M.Y.M.U.E.S. As one famous old inmate said to us the other day, "Dang it, I ain't got nowt, 'ave I? Yet I don't lack for nowt, do I? Very well, then!"

The Workhouse is open to visitors on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from twelve to one, and from six to seven. (The afternoon hours are devoted to tennis, croquet, and bowls.) Small gifts are not prohibited, but the Master requests that any food and sweetmeats presented to the inmates shall be of the very best quality, the quantity they have to swallow forming a grave strain on the digestive organs.

The following is the list of books most in demand at the Union Library, and may be useful as a guide to those who may wish to present further volumes—

VOLUME.	TAKEN OUT.
VISITS OF ELIZABETH	- 1563 times.
MR. AND MRS. VILLIERS	- 1489 "
ANNA LOMBARD	- 1283 "
CONFESSIONS OF A PRINCESS	- 879 "
A DEAL WITH SATAN	- 708 "
NAUGHTY MAMMA	- 692 "
REVELATIONS OF A LADY'S MAID	- 589 "
REVELATIONS OF A VALET	- 465 "
ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE	- 2 "

WHO SAID THE SUMMER HAD KILLED THE SEASIDE?



LET THE CROAKER HIDE HIS HEAD! BLACKPOOL THIS AUGUST—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE TOWER.

The croakers have been saying that the miserable summer has killed the seaside for the year, and the lamentations of the lodging-house lady have been heard in the land. Have things *really* been so bad? Surely not. Most people seem out of town—even people who cannot fairly count themselves amongst those to whom August in London is socially impossible, amongst those who, if they could not leave town that month, would sit mourning behind drawn blinds, pretending they had done so, and take stealthy exercise only on the darkest of nights and in the most deserted of streets. Is not this photograph of Blackpool an answer?

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE STAGE AS A PAGEANT GROUND; "DRAKE" AND THE SHAKESPEAREAN CHRONICLE PLAYS.

"Drake" at His Majesty's.

His Majesty's. He does not "see himself" as Sir Francis Drake, and therefore we are to see Mr. Lyn Harding instead. To some this may seem pushing the actor-manager theory a little too far, and they will wonder whether some other character did not deserve his consideration: Queen Elizabeth has already been allotted to Miss Neilson-Terry, otherwise I rather "see" Sir Herbert as that stalwart maiden queen. However, I have not been consulted on the subject. "Drake" is to present, in a series of "historical tableaux," the story of one of the most picturesque figures in our history; and according to the industrious paragrapher, to say nothing of an interview with the author, Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, it is to show something to us of the evolution of our Navy. But those writers who want to make out that it is being used in support of the "we will have eight" policy seem ill-advised, since the wonderful episode of the Armada, regarded superficially, appears to afford some argument in favour of "The Little Navy" policy. As a matter of fact, the episode throws no light upon modern problems.

A Pageant Play. The paragraphs and the interview suggest that "Drake" is to be a kind of pageant play, a fact not surprising to those who recollect that Mr. L. N. Parker, its author, was a prime mover in the production of the pageant plays in vogue throughout the country a little while ago. The taste for them, apparently, has died out, which is rather fortunate, seeing that August was the favourite month, and that, whilst writing, I am shivering by the August fireside, and making anxious inquiries from time to time about the proper drying of the two complete outfits in which I have played golf to-day. In "Drake" we are to have a big set of scenes, including, I understand, a reproduction of the picture by Seymour Lucas of the hero playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe when the news came that the Armada was upon the high seas—a picture that is well (and ill) known by the Cockney, who is familiar with both good and bad reproductions thereof. To Mr. Punch I commend the rural journalist who, getting a little mixed, spoke of Raleigh playing golf at Westward Ho! By-the-bye, what a blessing the ruthless, modern adapter has

not laid his sacrilegious hand upon Kingsley's famous novel! Still, even if we are to have the splendid pictures, one cannot help some feeling of regret that the theatre selected is His Majesty's, where one hopes to get drama of the highest order. This, perhaps, suggests a somewhat sanguine temperament, seeing that we have had revivals of "Trilby" and "Oliver Twist" this year in the beautiful playhouse. If a pageant drama is to be selected, what about some of the Shakespearean Chronicle plays? The "Richard II." was one of the most interesting revivals by Sir Herbert, whilst in "Henry VIII.," of very much debated authorship, the popular manager had one of his greatest successes.

The Chronicle Plays.

The so-called Chronicle plays present great opportunities for pageantry, and the London playgoer is almost unacquainted with several that have stood the test of revival elsewhere. In suggesting them I do not wish to appear recommending them as "medicated fiction"—to use the ingenious phrase of Oliver Wendell Holmes—but, since we are not to enjoy our Shakespeare "penny plain," I should like to have the opportunity of seeing them under the management of Sir Herbert, in order to be able to appreciate their real acting value. As historical documents they must be received with some suspicion, for the great dramatist, or dramatists, called Shakespeare did not write without bias. Of what inestimable value would be Shakespeare plays concerning the people of England of the sixteenth and seventeenth century written by the author of "Hamlet," if he had been able to sympathise with the *people*? Perhaps Mr. Parker, living in the times of a limited monarchy—in fact, during a period when half of us seem to be breaking laws as a protest against something, or, at least, advising

other people to do so—is giving us a real picture of the English of those days, not merely of the courtiers and fighting-men, and of the externals of history. For, after all, the modern twist of drama is to get away from externals and from the superficially pictorial, and to seek for subjects in the characters and lives of the ruck and run of mankind, and of mankind under comparatively normal circumstances, and the tendency is towards comedy. Pageant plays of historical melo-



MISS EDITH TALIAFERRO, WHO IS TO BE THE REBECCA OF "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM."

Mr. Frohman is to present a stage version of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Globe on Sept. 2. The scene is laid at a farm in the State of Maine thirty years ago. Mrs. Wiggin has said: "I was born seeing rose-colour, but I see the truth just the same. . . . I have been a child, a girl, and a woman in a little New England village, and I described the life just as I found it there, rose-coloured and happy and full of sunshine—and that is what I tried to convey in my books and in my play, 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.'"

Photograph by Moffett Studio.



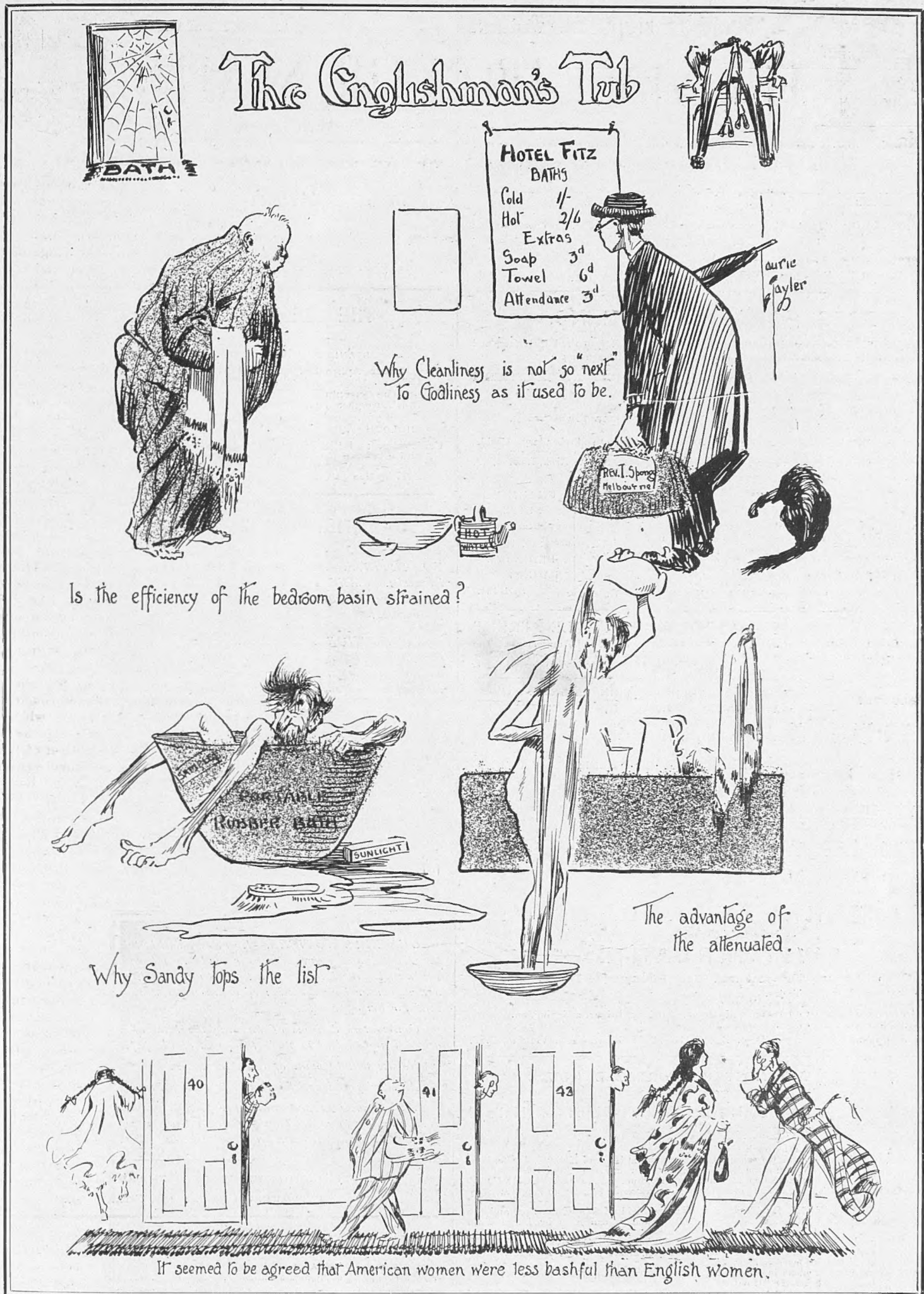
VALKYRS OFF DUTY: SINGERS IN WAGNERIAN OPERA AT BAYREUTH.

The Valkyrs, "choosers of the slain," are those handmaidens of Odin who serve at the banquets in Valhalla; ride through the air in time of war and point out those heroes who are to fall in battle, and conduct the gallant slain to Valhalla. Wagner's "Die Walküre" has made them familiar figures of the stage.

dramas may enjoy a brief success, but persistent production of them would soon cause a theatre to be irrelevant to the drama of the present Georgian era.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

"HABITUALLY INADEQUATE": REVELATIONS OF THE WASH.



NOT LONG AGO DR. R. H. QUINE, OF MANCHESTER, STATED THAT PERSONAL WASHING IN HOTELS AND LODGING-HOUSES IS HABITUALLY INADEQUATE.

Basing his statements on "the provision and use of baths in hotels, both family and commercial, and in seaside and country lodging-houses, he put the peoples, in order of frequency of bathing, as follows: 1. Scotsmen; 2. Englishmen; 3. Irishmen; 4. American women; 5. English women; 6. American men; 7. Frenchmen; 8. Germans. One reason for the lack of enthusiasm as to washing in hotels and lodging-houses, he said, was no doubt the high charge which reigns in so many of them. With regard to the difference between the American women and the English women, he suggested that this is due in large measure to the greater diffidence of Englishwomen, who find wandering about in hotel corridors while in search of a bath-room most embarrassing, and are not supplied with "wraps" as elaborate as those favoured by their American sisters.—[DRAWN BY LAURIE TAYLER.]

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

CLOSED.

Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
Reopening **TUESDAY NEXT**, Sept. 3, with an Historical Play, in three acts, entitled
DRAKE, by Louis N. Parker.
Box-office (Mr. Potter) open daily 10 to 7. Telephone, Gerrard 1777.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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BY A PICARDY PLAGE : SAND-CASTLES, STAGE SATIRE, AND LOCAL POLITICS.

Our Sand-Castle Competition.

The great sand-castle competition of the year at the over-grown Picardy village where I am staying was spoiled by cold weather. It had been led up to by minor competitions, and most of the children knew exactly what their *chef-d'œuvre* ought to be, and had all their accessories ready. A drizzle of rain and a grey sky seemed, however, to kill all the enthusiasm, and it was only during the last hour of the three allowed for working that any spectators, except parents and nurses and the judges, appeared on the sands to look on. An audience is just as necessary to sand-castle builders as it is to actors and actresses on the stage, for to dig hard with no encouragement is dull work.

The Knife in Sand Art.

Most of the children reproduced what is always under their eyes, the sand-dunes and the pine forest, sticking the tufts of fir branches into sand-heaps, and two of the young modellers had brought little toy trains with them to represent the tram-cars which run ceaselessly between the sea and the forest, and which connect the village with the railway station, and with the next little town further down the coast. There were, however, some genuine castles, one a model of Hardelet, which is the *château historique* of this part of the coast, and I was amused to see the head modeller of the family who heaped up this work of art produce a dinner-knife from an inside pocket with which to cut out the battlements. The knife was concealed again as soon as it had done its work. Evidently there are tricks of the trade in sand-castle building as there are in other forms of art.

Our Revue.

Every year there is a Revue played at one or the other of the Casinos, for we boast two in our big village, and some Parisian author, taking his holiday at the seaside, keeps his hand in training by making jokes at the expense of our local celebrities, and tilting at our local foibles. This year the Revue is played at the Casino by the sea, and all our notabilities, including the mayor, went to the first-night to hear what M. Secretan had written concerning them. The hawkers of the *Matin* and the *Journal*, who make more noise than any dozen other inhabitants

As Others See Us.

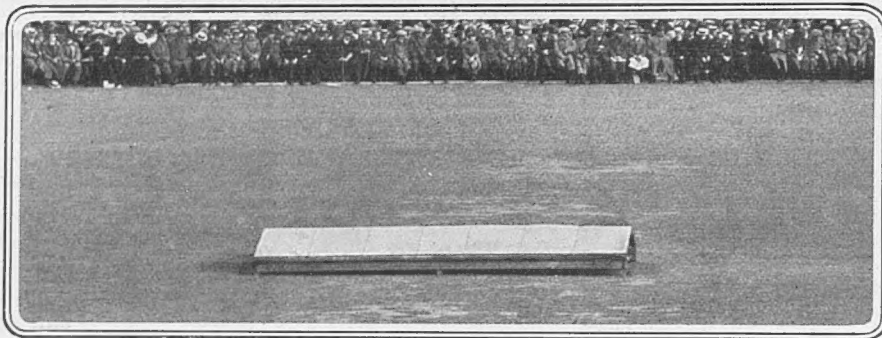
There were two scraps of genuine humour in the Revue. One was the appearance now and again, no matter what was going on at the time on the stage, of an architect, bearded, wearing a sugar-loaf hat, rolls of paper sticking out of all his pockets, who was so engaged in measuring out land with a big wand that he pushed everybody out of his way. Architects are very familiar objects of our sea-shore here, and their get-up is far more "artistic" than that of the painters, of whom there is a colony in a neighbouring fishing village. The other scrap of humour which pleased me was a representation by the entire company, in the finale to the first act, of the British visitors playing golf. The actors and actresses, with faces expressing the deepest dejection, tramped wearily round and round the stage, niblick in hand, hitting occasionally at imaginary balls.

Electoral Addresses.

A sort of corollary to the annual Revue are the electoral addresses of the candidates for the Municipality, which still cover the walls of the various public buildings. The Revue shows things as

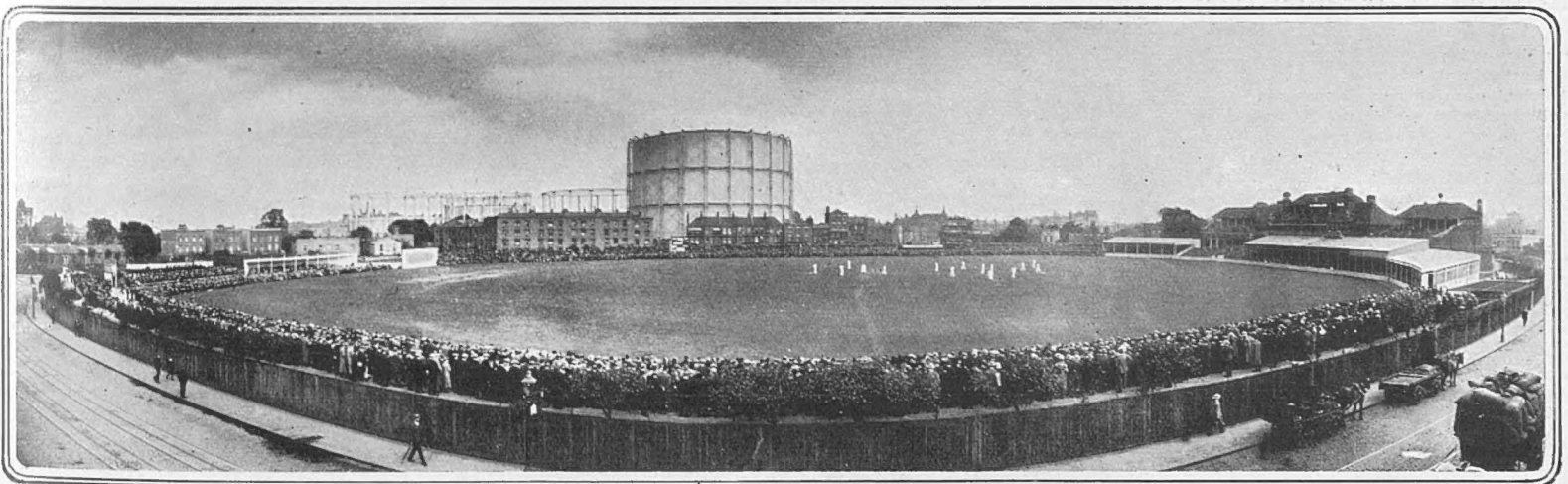
they are; the promises of the candidates show things as they ought to be; the municipal addresses are the very Billikins amongst posters. A study of the things the would-be municipal councillors promise to put right shows that the difficulty of housing labourers and workmen is a problem as hard to solve in Picardy as it is in Sussex or Hants. Our Municipality promises to give this matter its gravest attention, but as building *châteaux* to let to the English pays very well, and building barracks for workmen and cottages for labourers is by no means a lucrative speculation, it is difficult to see how the Municipality will induce the townsmen to invest their money in such an unprofitable undertaking.

La Lèche de la Mer. Another problem which the Municipality binds itself to undertake is the taming of a tract of rebellious sand-dunes between the village and the sea. This space of powdery sand, which may not be built upon, has, till now, defied all attempts to keep it in order. The road which runs along the front of the advance-guard of *châteaux* is cleared of sand every spring, paths of chalk are made down to the more solid sand which the water



VERY MUCH IN REQUEST THIS SUMMER: THE COVER PLACED OVER THE WICKET DURING SHOWERS AT THE OVAL.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE SIX DAYS' MATCH: THE FINAL TEST AT THE OVAL: ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA—A PANORAMIC VIEW.

Photograph by C.N.

of the place, were pilloried, to the delight of the audience; but what pleased us even more were the couplets anent the tramway to and from the station. The verses which told how a trail of dropped valises and trunks marked the tramway track, and how the conductors addressed the travellers in the most brusque manner, gave the audience a chance of expressing their sentiments towards that particular tramway company.

covers at high tide, and one year a really large sum of money was spent in planting the dunes with coarse grass, the roots of which, under ordinary circumstances, hold the sand together. But a sou'wester does not come under the head of an "ordinary circumstance." The Municipality promises to build a *digue*, and to convert the *leche de la mer* into gardens and lawns, and I hope that they will be able to carry out the latter, though I doubt it.



DESPITE the weather and voteless women, the Government is enjoying a sufficiently cheerful holiday. Mr. Winston Churchill builds Marlborough Castles on the sands, and is not himself cast down because they are demolished in the night by the waves, or Suffragettes. Lord Crewe's whereabouts is not unduly advertised, but Lady Crewe has visited Crewe Hall. In August politicians receive rather than give hospitality; but at no time does the Liberal Leader in the Lords seek to rival his father's fame as a host. Lord Houghton was an entertainer in every sense, and he confessed to a weakness for over-feasting his friends. In a little note-book in which he kept a record of his own dinner-parties, he wrote by way of motto: "The English would sooner give five or six ducats to furnish a man in affluence with entertainment

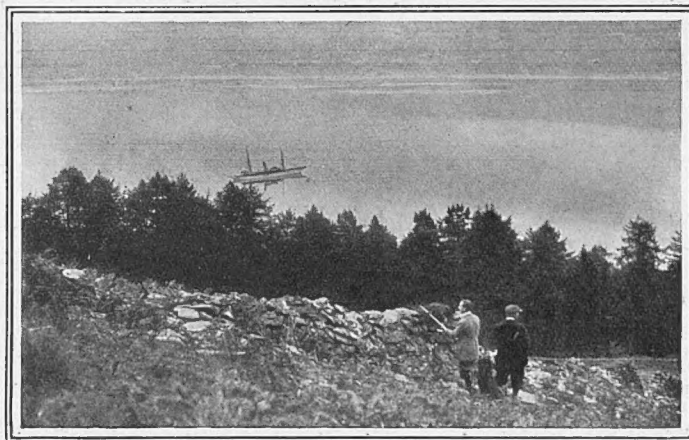
in dozens more, it is perhaps only half due to the waters. He is better, probably, because

comeliness at the wedding of Miss Marie Löhr and Mr. Prinsep, another field is

brief period, has already grown too old for it. But not for coconut shies!

Miss Olivier.

Miss Brynhild Olivier, who is engaged to Mr. Hugh Popham, of the British Museum, is a daughter of Sir Sydney Olivier, one of the most interesting of Colonial Governors. Sir Sydney manages to combine the duties of a Liberal appointment with decided Socialistic views. At one time Secretary to the Fabians, he was a few years ago sent as Governor to Jamaica, where, after a brief squabble with Sir Alexander Swettenham, his predecessor, he made friends with everybody—black and white. Miss Olivier shares her father's and fiancé's taste in literature and art, but with a living interest that is not over-shadowed by economics or Museum lore; her "Brynhild" at a recent fancy-dress ball was an acknowledged triumph.



WITH YACHT FOR THE GUNS IN ATTENDANCE: LORD INVERCLYDE'S GROUSE-SHOOT, AT COVE, DUMBARTONSHIRE.

The view shows Gare Loch, with Lord Inverclyde's steam-yacht "Emerald," ready for the use of the guns. Mr. Telfer-Smollett is seen in the butts.

Photograph by Sport and General.

in Harrogate his hours and his table are less advanced than in Park Lane; and he walks to his morning tumbler or cup of coffee.

The Shaving of Spain. Beards, like Sir Hubert Herkomer's,

Sir Hugh Lane's, and Mr. Bouchier's, come and go; Mr. Max Beerbohm's moustache is no more to be depended upon than broken reeds, and Mr. Winston Churchill's was a passing experiment. Many men have made temporary trial upon chin and lip; but since the demonstration of whiskered

opened up. Who knows what the Recess may bring forth? For many seasons no dinner at the Poetry Club has been complete without some rhymers with a decorated cheek; but an example set in such discredited quarters was of no avail. The world would not imitate Mr. Ezra Pound. But now the thing is upon a more substantial footing—if that is the word!—and young men must decide whether a quarter of an inch above or below the lobe of the ear is the proper boundary line. The new fashion is only for the young; the King of Spain, who indulged it for a



DAUGHTER OF THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, AND VERY LIKE MAMMA! LADY MARY GROSVENOR.

Lady Mary is the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, and was born in 1910, eight years after her sister, Lady Ursula. Her likeness to her mother, it will be remarked, is great.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

than a groat to assist him in distress." The entry purported to come from the diary of a Phœnician visitor, but was, of course, the expression of his own rather cynical observation.

The Water or the Walk? Mr. Whitelaw Reid has derived so much benefit, states

a secretary in writing of the Ambassador's programme, from his stay at Harrogate that he has decided to prolong it. To people less docile in doctoring, the idea of a cure that must be repeated when it proves successful may seem something of an anomaly. A beneficial operation for appendicitis has no answering drawbacks. But the "cure" at Harrogate is so agreeable, it seems, that it need never come to an end. In Mr. Whitelaw Reid's case, and



WITH HER FIVE CHILDREN: THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.

John, Earl of Dumfries, was born in August 1907; Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart in 1909; Lord David in 1911; Lady Mary in 1906; and Lady Jean in 1908. Before her marriage, which took place in 1905, the Marchioness was known as Miss Augusta Mary Monica Bellingham, daughter of Sir (Alan) Henry Bellingham, the fourth Baronet.—[Photograph by Speaight.]



WIFE OF THE NEW GENERAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY: MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth, who was married to the Chief-of-Staff who is the new General of the Salvation Army, in 1882, is the daughter of the late Dr. Soper, of Plymouth, and has been Commissioner and Leader of the Women's Social Work of the Army since 1884. She joined the Salvation Army as an officer through the agency of the dead General's wife. She has two sons and five daughters.

Photograph by G. R. Cleare.

The Cardinal and Mrs. Belmont.

The last reports of the shopping adventures of Mrs. Belmont are hardly in keeping with her record. Her establishment for manicure, her restaurants, and other enterprises have all been undertaken for the advantage of her less fortunate sisters. To give all her time to buying her own groceries that she may save some dollars from a paid housekeeper's pocket is new in her. Mrs. Belmont's attitude towards her household affairs is not unlike—Cardinal Manning's! He never kept accounts, he said; to do so he thought was like "writing epitaphs on dead money."

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. TOM PARKER, THE LIBERAL—FOR BECOMING J.P., DESPITE HIS HAVING A NAMESAKE, ALSO OF SWADLINCOTE.

Photograph by J. N. Perks.



THE HOUSE-FLY—FOR "INCREASING AND MULTIPLYING" TO 341,616,813,559,321 IN 129 DAYS.



DR. ALLEN J. SMITH—FOR DISCOVERING THE CAUSE OF LAZINESS, THE HOOK-WORM, A MINUTE PARASITE.

Photograph by Pott and Foltz.



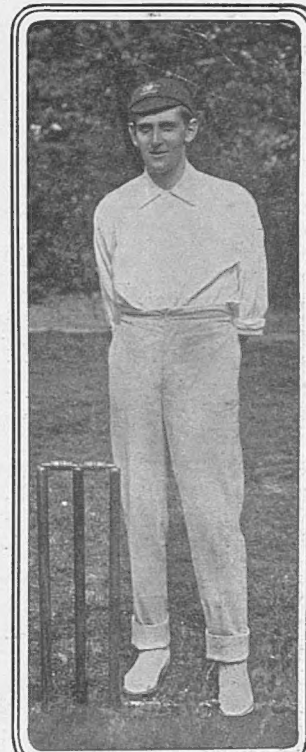
DENNETT, OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE, FOR TAKING 6 KENT WICKETS FOR 0.

Photograph by Sport and General.



MR. WILLIAM HURLOCK—FOR HIS PLUCK IN REFUSING TO STAMP INSURANCE-CARDS, AND FOR NOT HAVING TO PAY £10 A TIME.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MR. HAZLITT—FOR TAKING 5 WICKETS FOR 1 AGAINST ENGLAND.

Photograph by Sport and General.



MISS HELEN KELLER—FOR BEING "THE MOST WONDERFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD."

Photograph by Topical.



M. MAURICE FERNEY—FOR WALKING UNDER THE SEINE WITH A VERY SIMPLE COSTUME INDEED.

Photograph by Delius.



MR. R. C. GRIFFITH—FOR SAYING THAT CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENTS ARE NOT FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

Photograph by Sport and General.

A list of new Derbyshire J.P.s contained the name of Mr. Tom Parker, of Swadlincote. Now there are two Mr. Tom Parkers, of Swadlincote—one a Liberal and a partner in a firm of Sanitary Earthenware Manufacturers, the other a Unionist and a Greengrocer. The official papers were delivered to the latter; but a number affirmed that the honour was due to the former. To Mr. Tom Parker, of Woodville goes the J.P.-ship. The other Mr. Tom Parker writes us: "I have decided not to accept the position of Justice of the Peace."—Presuming a female fly born on April 10 lays 120 eggs, bearing 120 adult flies, half of them females, and that the same happens in succeeding generations, that one fly would be responsible, by August 16, for 341,616,813,559,320 flies.—Dr. Allen J. Smith, Dean of the Medical School of Pennsylvania University, has discovered that the hook-worm, a minute parasite, is the cause of laziness among certain classes in the Southern States.—Dennett took Kent's last six wickets for 0, bowling 20 balls. In all, he took 7 wickets for 54 runs.—As a test case, Mr. William Hurlock, draper, of Walworth Road, S.E., refused to stamp insurance-cards. He was fined £5 on each of three summonses, with £5 5s. costs on the first, and was ordered to pay the arrears of contributions.—Mr. Hazlitt, bowling for Australia in the final Test Match, took 5 wickets for 1 run.—Miss Helen Keller has been described as "the most wonderful woman in the world." As a child she was deaf, dumb, and blind; but she has so trained herself that she addressed a meeting of ear specialists at Harvard Medical School the other day in English, French, and German. She writes poetry and for the magazines, and is a graduate of Radcliffe College, Harvard.—M. Maurice Ferney walked along the bottom of the Seine recently in his new diving outfit, a simple "helmet" only. It can be put on in ten seconds.—Mr. Griffith, the new chess champion, will not enter for another championship, as it takes up too much time for a married man.



CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

DURING August's cold snap, moths, gnats and other wild insects put out the street lamps at Slough in their efforts to warm themselves. My brothers, quite a number of moral lessons can be drawn from this occurrence, but the chief of them is—Don't be a silly gnat.

An expedition will probably be organised to explore the Congo for the water-elephant. Hope they'll catch it. It would be more than usually awkward if it found its way into the Metropolitan Water Board's pipes.

Unless we get some more sun we shall not have any oysters fit to eat, for the "succulent bivalve" will not fatten in the shade. Now is the chance for some scientist to rig up an imitation sun with the electric light, and make a fortune.

Meanwhile, a Bordeaux professor says that he can replace food by electricity. He had better begin his experiments with the oysters, but he must warn the openers that they will probably get a bit of a shock when they stick the knife between the electrified shells.



New York's *Titanic* Astor baby weighed seven - and - three-quarter pounds when it was born, and was estimated to be worth £5000 an ounce. It must be a saddening thought for the New-Yorkers that with

every pound the baby puts on, it is lowering its value per oz., and that a time will come when it will only be worth a beggarly £2 an ounce.

"Never," says a New York enthusiast, "have American women been so terribly extravagant and so outrageously immodest in dress as this year." The following sentence has nothing whatever to do with the foregoing: "All the berths on the principal liners going to America are booked up to Christmas."

THE HOME DESOLATE.

(The West End and, in a lesser degree, some other residential districts, are now desolate. Acres of white blinds meet the eye in the squares where, a few weeks ago, all was bustle.)

Provincials and foreigners crowd in the Strand,
And swarm round by Charing's invisible Cross,
Piccadilly is blocked by a clamorous band
Of tourists inquiring their way of the force.

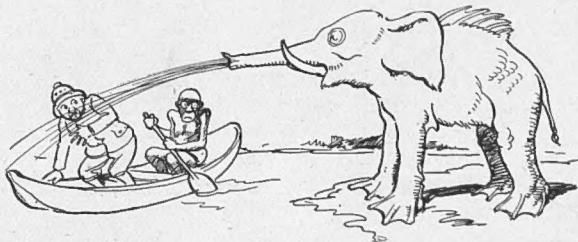
But a desolate air
Fills the groves of Mayfair,
Of Belgrave, St. James's, and Grosvenor Square.

The suburbs have lowered their holiday blinds
From Hampstead and Highgate to Putney and Kew,
And Tooting (the Upper one) loyally finds
It's right its gay Devil-may-care to subdue
To the desolate air
Of the groves of Mayfair,
Of Belgrave, St. James's, and Grosvenor Square.

But whether in Scotland they shoot or they yacht,
Or whether to Brighton or Margate they roam,
Or drink foreign waters suggestive of rot,
You may bet that the really respectable home
Wears the desolate air
Of the groves of Mayfair,
Of Belgrave, St. James's, and Grosvenor Square!



At Huntingdon regatta the water-polo players refused to enter the water on account of the cold temperature. That is all right. Had they refused because the water was wet we should have begun to tremble for the old bull-dog breed.



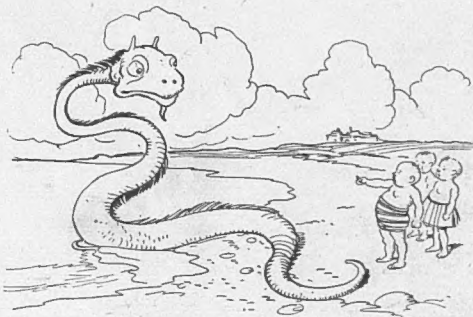
Eight of the Kaiser's generals are to take part in the forthcoming German manoeuvres. What is the Lord of Ægir going to do with them? Train them to bark at "spies"?

SILLY SEASONS.

(The "Silly Season" is said to be a thing of the past. But with hysterical stories being printed all the year round, the Silly Seasons are distinctly things of the present.)

Goosebery, Toad, and old Sea Serpent,
They've been whispering of late
That your yarns no more can charm us,
That you're getting out of date;
That the season once called "silly"
Is a "has-been" of the past,
Thereby not obscurely hinting
That we're getting wise at last.

Once the Press was stern and stately,
And avoided pap and slush;
Now we excavate a "story"
From the tubs of unctuous gush.
Babies oust the old Sea-Serpent,
Brats the Toad, until I fear
That for us the "silly" season
Lasts the twelve months of the year.



Thibet is rapidly coming into line with the rest of the world, and will shortly have a set of postage stamps of its own. This comes of the Dalai Lama having bought a zinc bathtub. The Thibetans will want to go stamp-licking next.



At a Norfolk village dance a young woman "tweaked" the nose of the village blacksmith's daughter. Evidently the daughter did not possess the "large and sinewy hands" of the Village Blacksmith, for she took the case into the police court.



In Tottenham a technical assault is defined as two black eyes and bruises all over the body. Technicalities apart, one would like to see the Tottenham definition of an ordinary assault.

Dr. Robert Tuttle Morris (U.S.A.) is of opinion that some of the world's literary masterpieces owe their existence to the action of bacterial poisons in the minds of their authors. If Dr. Morris will set to work to cultivate these almost extinct bacteria he will be doing a service to humanity.

In the New Law Courts there is to be more room for the public to hear divorce cases, and the air is to be washed with water. This is just as well, for they do say that during some divorce suits the air goes blue for miles.

A bandit of the Lebanon escaped from prison wrapped in the mattress of another prisoner. It is most refreshing nowadays to hear of a bandit, and much more so to learn that he had sufficient knowledge of literature to escape rolled up in a mattress.



JUST WHAT THE DUKE TRIED TO HOOK! A GIANT FISH.



A SIGHT WHICH DID NOT GLADDEN THE EYES OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: A 680-LB. TUNA.

Before he went to Halifax to dedicate the memorial tower which he described as the Canadian Statue of Liberty, the Duke of Connaught had some fishing at St. Ann's Bay, Cape Breton. He was after tuna, and hooked one or two big fish, only to lose them. What would he not have given to have landed a fellow of the one here shown, which was caught in the same waters by Mr. J. K. L. Ross, fishing with rod and line! The true tuna, or tunny, of the Mediterranean and Atlantic waters is one of the largest food fishes, will grow to a length of 10 feet, and has been known to weigh as much as 1000 lb. Although a high-seas fish, it periodically wanders coastwards in large shoals.—[Photograph by Kelly.]

WHISKERS FOR NUTS: THE COMING OF THE HIRSUTE "BONNET-STRING."

Stealing Facial Livery.

Fashion, like history and bores, repeats itself. We are going back to side-whiskers, to mutton chops. So the nuts, the languid, æsthetic nuts, have decreed. Grooms, their vocation rapidly vanishing in this age of motors, are to be deprived of their sole remaining privilege, this badge of their service, and outward and visible emblem of their calling. As the bucks of our fathers' time stole the seven-tiered ulster of the hackney coachman of their era, so the ultimate expression of Mayfair's young manhood snatches the hirsute "bonnet-strings" of the contemporary coachman, and all is chaos and old night in mews and livery-stables. Of course, "Milestones," and plays of the same period with the early phase of that charming work, are held responsible for the recrudescence of the unshaven cheek; but what do grooms know of Arnold Bennett? To them the coming of the new fashion must seem the deadliest filching of the time-honoured facial livery of an ancient if unenlightened calling.

Cravats and Collars.

Cravats, too, are coming back, and all manner of fancy waist-coats created to enable a man to live up to such wear. And collars must be altered, we know not to what height yet, for the agonising problem is not determined. Ah well, did not honest Tom Macaulay, after rending the young men of the Byron cult—who, by the way, wore side-whiskers—for their hair and collars and waist-coats, did he not himself send to Paris for a couple of waist-coats, and in the result secure garments which would have made a Highland tartan blush?

The Taxed Beard. The young persons who are burgeoning forth in the manner aforesaid are among those who wish to suppress the censor of the drama. Naturally, then, it would be an unwelcome suggestion, in a moment of such intense emotional stress as that endured by the exquisite who dubiously seeks to conjure the down to his virgin cheek, that we should revive such a monster of tyranny as the gentleman who ran the sumptuary laws. He might have made short work of some of these nutty productions. When the laws of nations were really worth living under, when there was none of this nonsense and flummery about liberty of the subject, the sumptuary regulations were institutions of joy, at least to their administrators. To be bearded or bewhiskered was an offence which the sumptuary officer had power swiftly to rectify, with shears which might not stop at the removal of hair, but take an ear or nose along with it. Peter the Great weighted each hair of the beard with a tax, and sent out a man into the highways, with a ponderous, if primitive, razor, to collect both.

Adam's Beard.

Why there should have been this objection to the beard is not quite obvious. Our mediæval philosophers held it meet and right that man should wear his beard in token of humility. For, said they, upon authority which amply satisfied themselves, Adam was born beardless as a boy, but when he fell, a beard spontaneously appeared upon his chin that he might the more closely resemble the beasts of the fields, to whose level he was degraded. And, they pertinently asked, "did you ever see a good angel with a beard?" If one among us can answer in the affirmative, he has got the philosophers on the hip, and may beard himself to his heart's content. Our gallant fellows saw few angels, good or bad, in the Crimea, but they brought home the beard and the cigarette, and we joined them in their new smoke and their determination to keep the razor-maker in his proper place.

The Hat.

And now about those silk hats. Rugby is dropping them, but the gentleman who blushes in the ambuscade of a cheek-whisker is to wear his more firmly than ever. It is to be lower—or is it higher?—in order the more closely to approximate to '28. Let us devoutly hope, then, that there will be no repetition of the disaster which befell a similar move. The late King Edward had just started a movement towards a hat of lower crown, when what must Mr. Muller do, not satisfied with murdering hapless Mr. Briggs, but take the poor old gentleman's hat to a hatter to have it made lower, in order to suit him. That stayed the reform indefinitely. The

low-crowned hat became known forthwith as the "Muller-cut-down," and our fathers staggered under towers of immalleable head-gear for yet another age.

Waterloo Won in Strapped Trousers.

The strapping of the trousers over the aristocratic instep, too, links us with the past. It is daring. Will the clubs consent? They did not when this very garment was first battling with the forces of reaction and privilege. The Duke of Wellington, strapped into his trousers for all he was worth, presented himself at the portal of Almack's. It was a critical moment in the history of nations, for the year was 1814. Napoleon was nerving himself for his last tigerish spring at the throat of Europe, and there, upon the pavement outside Almack's, in trousers strapped over his insteps, stood the man destined finally to overthrow him. Imagination reels at the thought, but Almack's banged and bolted the door in the face of the hero of a hundred fights, "because he wore trousers instead of breeches and silk stockings." Mercifully, the peril abated; the ban was removed, and Wellington went forth in his strapped trousers and won Waterloo.



THE FELIXSTOWE LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT: COMPETITORS.

The Group includes: (Back Row) R. H. P. Arnholz, S. M. Edwards, Mrs. B. E. Clarke, R. W. Romer, J. F. L. Fison, J. J. McKendry, S. Stevens, W. Prendergast, Miss A. Muhlen, C. Muhlen, J. E. Myers, W. B. Caddell, R. B. Brooks, and C. S. Standing-Smith. (Next Row) M. B. Brown, W. W. Cooke, F. W. D. Bendall, J. V. Read, J. C. King, Miss H. Hannam, Miss E. A. Druce, G. W. H. Spanton, Miss Wheathes Prior, Rev. H. B. Horne, Rev. J. G. Morton, Miss M. L. Fison, Miss E. D. Holman, Miss S. M. Fison, A. J. Jimenez, Miss E. M. Pitts, Miss A. Taylor, M. W. Kirkby, Miss E. A. Taylor, Miss J. L. Durrant, W. H. M. Aitken, Miss Watkins, A. Keith, and W. H. Brooks. (Next Row) Miss Stiebel, B. A. Posford, W. V. Wilkinson, C. N. A. Sharland, Miss N. Dircks, Miss E. Dircks, Miss R. Hannam, Miss Bersey, Miss Horne, O. G. N. Turnbull, H. L. Askham, J. Ganzoni, Mrs. E. W. Timmis, Miss F. E. Nash, F. G. C. Fison, Miss F. E. V. Fison, C. H. Frisby, F. Lankester, C. Havell, Mrs. F. W. Orr, and H. B. Vincent. (Next Row) R. C. Wrinch, R. B. Brown, N. C. Frye, R. Walker, Miss D. Maygrove, Miss V. Maygrove, Miss A. Hart, Miss E. D. Romer, Mrs. C. E. Hunter, C. Hartley, Miss N. Ramsey, Miss O. B. Manser, Miss M. C. Hervey, A. C. C. Hervey, Miss M. E. Hervey, L. Cull, A. L. Berry, B. U. S. Cripps, and Miss K. Hunt. (Next Row) W. C. Bersey, H. T. Horner, Mrs. H. T. Horner, E. W. Timmis, Mrs. W. C. Bersey, H. Roper Barrett, Miss A. M. Morton, G. W. Hillyard, S. N. Doust, A. W. Gore, Mrs. G. W. Hillyard, Mrs. R. Lambert Chambers, Miss E. Ryan, Mrs. A. E. Beamish, C. S. Gordon Smith, A. E. Beamish, Miss M. Mulliner, Miss P. Mulliner, and H. E. Evers. (Front Row) Miss H. Bellord, Miss C. R. P. Arnholz, — G. Vandervell, C. E. S. Evers, Miss M. H. Davy, Miss A. W. Evers, H. E. P. Arnholz, J. Greig, — Cripps, — Cripps, Miss N. L. Durrant, and Miss K. Hunt. [Photograph by A. L. White, Butter Market, Ipswich.]

WHISKERED AND STOCKED BY "THE SKETCH": PROPHECIES.

IF THEY FOLLOW THE NEW FASHION: PARTY LEADERS AS THEY MAY BE.



1. MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.
3. SIR EDWARD CARSON.

2. MR. F. E. SMITH.
4. COLONEL SEELY.

As we note elsewhere, there seems likely to be a revival of the whiskers and stocks of 1830 and thereabouts. If the threatened mode materialises, presumably our politicians will follow it. Then we shall see what we shall see—and doubtless know party leaders as they are here depicted.

Whiskers and Stocks by "The Sketch"; Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Haines, Russell, and Whitlock.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S



ENGAGED TO MR. ALFRED TENNYSON: THE HON. MARGARET CICELY DRUMMOND.

Miss Drummond is the elder daughter of the eighth Viscount Strathallan, and a half-sister of the Earl of Perth. She was born in 1880. Mr. Alfred Browning Tennyson is a grandson of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and eldest son of the late Hon. Lionel Tennyson and Mrs. Augustine Birrell. He was born in 1878.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

whose name—but it is not proper to announce it—is one of the most familiar in modern literature of the lighter order.

Princess Mary's Travels. Princess Mary is of an age when Baedeker, Murray, and Governesses are apt to seem dull, and when even Gentlemen-in-Waiting run the danger of being cast into the same category. But Princess Mary was fortunate on her German travels; her companions were quick to appreciate her lively interest in new scenes and circumstances. In Berlin Lord Granville did the honours of the Galleries—and the shops. He is forty, and possessed of fortitude enough to carry parcels, eat ices at odd hours, and discuss a ribbon or a picture-postcard. He can even do such things with zest—when drawn to them by a particularly charming and girlish enthusiasm.

Pall Mall's Despair. Can the clubs pretend to any well-being during the period of exchanges? What substitute is there for Brooks's, which prides itself on

WHEN the Prince of Wales, making his Grand Tour, finds himself at the Hague, he will visit a lady who was once his devout admirer. The Queen of Holland was only twelve years old, and he hardly twelve months, when she lost her heart to him during her stay at York House. Her greatest pleasure was to take him in her small but queenly arms and practise the motherliness that has now so large a part in her life. The Prince was too young to make a return of affection, but Queen Wilhelmina must know that she was not without her conquests in England. Her portrait—a photograph taken at the age of twenty—used to be carried (and may be to this day) in the breast-pocket of an author



ENGAGED TO MR. CHARLES WILKINS SHORT, JUN.: COUNTESS CAMILLA HOYOS.

Countess Camilla Hoyos is the youngest daughter of the late Count George Hoyos, of Austria. Mr. Wilkins Short is the son of Mr. Charles Wilkins Short, of Cincinnati.—[Photograph by Jacquette.]

possessing the atmosphere of a Duke's house, with the Duke dead upstairs? Or for Boodle's, where evening dress for dinner is a matter of the Club rules? The Travellers' tries to match its smartness at Arthur's; but where can members of the Athenæum enjoy the sense of learned exclusiveness that belongs to 107, Pall Mall? "The filthy-fingered *litterati* of the Athenæum, that dirty-shirt concern," is a description, dating back some eighty years, of the members of a club that at present is by no means puffed up because it must offer hospitality for the month to the Senior United Service, and in September send its Bishops and Professors to the military clubs of Piccadilly.

From the Clubs. "I would like to order prayer-mats," observed the Bishop of London, in a spiteful moment, "for all the Bishops to use at twelve o'clock at the Athenæum,

before their fellow-members." The scheme has never been set to work, but a gaitered prelate may have other reminders of his cloth when he takes his seat among strangers in a strange club. He does not have to preach or say grace, but for all that the unaccustomed chair has a certain suggestion of the pulpit; he is made a trifle more aware of his dignity than when he takes his ease in his own quarters. So, too, does your Egyptologist, whose fame is known at the Athenæum, suddenly become conscious, among the well-set-up members of, say, the Cavalry, of the bagginess of his trousers and a fraying at the cuffs. Mr. Bernard Shaw scolds the Playgoers' because the comforts of its new quarters threaten to keep its members from his plays of evenings. But during the period of exchanges there is a general tendency to drop, not into an arm-chair, but into the box-offices.

Lights on Lord Londesborough. The promised presence of King Manoel, the only living monarch who has come at all near seeing his palace set aflame by his own people, gave the requisite glamour to the review of the Fire Brigade Union at the Crystal Palace. Such occasions lack nothing but—fire! Even Lord Londesborough's keenness as reviewer-in-chief is not enough to compensate for the absence of the real thing, the crackle of flame and the crash of glass. Lord Londesborough knows all about the liveliness of an actual conflagration, and a good deal about the duller processes of the sham fight with flames. At Blankney he has drilled grooms, gardeners, footmen, and farm-hands as members of his amateur brigade; and for reward he has had the joy of leading their attack on flaming stacks and barns.



AT THE TRAMORE RACES: LADY DUNCANNON (FORMERLY Mlle. ROBERTE DE NEUFLIZE), VISCOUNT DUNCANNON, AND LADY GWENETH PONSONBY.

It will be recalled that the marriage of Viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the Earl of Bessborough, to Mlle. Roberte de Neuflize took place in Paris last June. Lady Gweneth Ponsonby is Lord Bessborough's youngest daughter.—[Photograph by Poole.]



WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, THE QUEEN OF SPAIN LEAVING THE TRAIN AT DOVER ON HER WAY TO SAN SEBASTIAN.

The Queen of Spain, the Infanta Beatrice, and suite arrived at the Gare du Nord, Paris, on their return from England on August 20. On the evening of the following day her Majesty left for San Sebastian.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

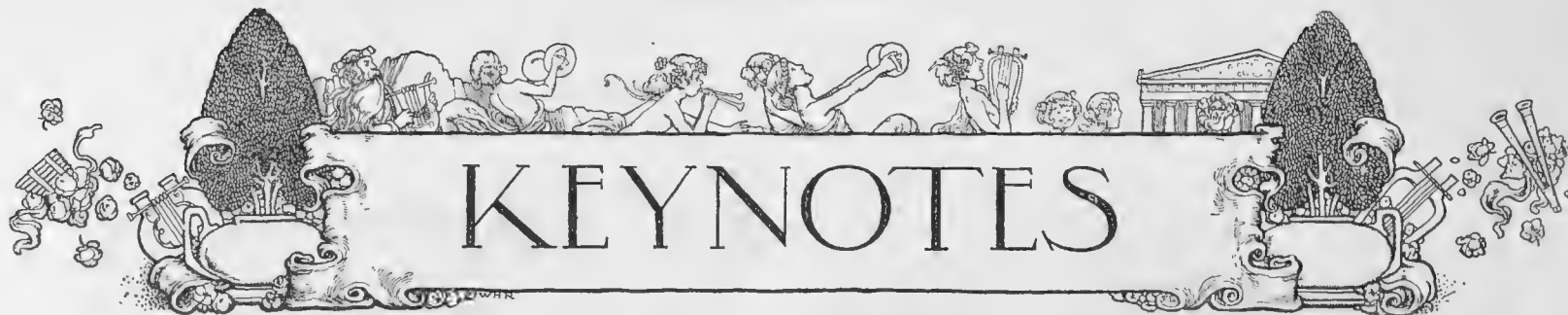
THE MOOR THE MERRIER: GEORGE GRAVES THE GUN.



1. AS SERIOUS IN THE BUTTS AS HE IS FUNNY ON THE BOARDS: MR. GEORGE GRAVES GROUSE-SHOOTING ON THE SANQUHAR MOORS.
2. WITH HIS FELLOW-GUNS OF SIR THOMAS DEWAR'S PARTY: MR. GEORGE GRAVES.
3. BOGUMIL, REGENT OF THESSALIA: MR. GEORGE GRAVES IN "PRINCESS CAPRICE."
4. LADS OF THE VILLAGE! MR. GEORGE GRAVES WITH A SHEPHERD'S BOYS.
5. BOGUMIL, REGENT OF THESSALIA: MR. GEORGE GRAVES IN "PRINCESS CAPRICE."
6. DURING MR. GEORGE GRAVES' DESERTION OF "PRINCESS CAPRICE": THE GUNS AT LUNCH; AND THE BEATERS.
7. A CAPTURE! MR. GEORGE GRAVES CATCHES A LEVERET.

Mr. George Graves, who as Bogumil, Regent of Thessalia, is a constant source of joy at the Shaftesbury, deserted "Princess Caprice" for a few days recently and went grouse-shooting on the Sanquhar Moors, as the guest of Sir Thomas Dewar. He is now back on the boards, gagging merrily.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and Foulsham and Banfield.



KEYNOTES

MUSIC ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: PROSPECTS OF THE BOSTON SEASON.

THERE is much pleasant anticipation of a great musical season in Boston, where Dr. Karl Muck is coming to direct the fortunes of the famous Symphony Orchestra in succession to Max Fiedler, who has held the baton throughout the past four seasons. In order to return to Boston—he was there from 1906 to 1908—Dr. Muck has resigned the high office of General Music Director to the Royal Opera House in Berlin, where his loss will be severely felt, for not only has he directed the important Wagner operas there, but he had the honour of producing Dr. Richard Strauss's successful work, "Der Rosenkavalier." In addition to his labours in Berlin, Dr. Muck has conducted the performances of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, and in June last he presided over the Lower Rhenish Music Festival at Aachen. In connection with his departure from Germany, there will be two gala performances at the Berlin Opera House next month.

The seats for the Symphony Concerts are put up to auction in Boston, and there will be a four-days' sale at the end of September and beginning of October. The Symphony Concerts are preceded by a public rehearsal—a practice that, while it cannot be very useful financially, in view of the low price charged, has a certain educational value which, we may be sure, is not overlooked. The fine concert hall, one of the best public buildings in Boston, is undoubtedly the Mecca of serious American musicians between October and May.

During a brief and hurried visit to North America, I took time to visit Boston, and was fortunate enough to find the Concert Hall open. The regular season was over and Promenade Concerts ruled, under the energetic direction of Gustav Strube; but though the programmes were not of a very serious or even interesting order, and the orchestra was reduced, it was possible to enjoy long evenings in a concert hall of rare beauty and noble proportions, and to admire, if not the quality of the music presented, the quality of the instruments that helped the presentation. Each seemed to be the best of its kind, and the resultant beauty of tone could not be disguised. They were odd programmes. On one night a selection from "Die Walküre" was followed immediately by a paraphrase of "The Old Folks at Home," a thing of hideous but popular commonplaces. On another evening the "Lohengrin" Prelude jostled the introduction to the second act of "Jewels of the Madonna"; on a third, a selection from Lehar's "Gipsy Love" ended one section, and the "Meistersinger" Prelude another. Then there were "Harvard" nights and "Amherst" nights, and a special "Tufts" night, at which the strangest substitutes for music found favour in the eyes of "Tufts" men and "Harvard" men, and the rest. In brief, the orchestra was out for popularity after a strenuous season of better things, and achieved the goal. It is not fair to criticise performances frankly designed to be popular: the players did not show to advantage,

nor did Mr. Strube's readings of the more serious items always commend themselves. Yet, in spite of all disadvantages, the Symphony players were clearly men of mark, and left one at least of their audience with a sincere regret that he had not heard them under the direction of a conductor of world-wide renown. Their attack was singularly clear and clean, and its vigour was never relaxed; they responded instantly to every mood of the conductor, even to those that seemed to the writer to be rather erratic ones; while, as has been said already, the quality of the instruments was of the highest. Even the brass, so often a source of weakness, was beyond reproach. Certainly Dr. Muck could not desire finer material than he will find to his hand.

Another source of strength to the orchestra is the legitimate pride that Bostonians take in it. The expenses are beyond the

covering power of subscriptions, but the deficit is found by the endowment given by Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, one of the city's rich men, who has been quite content to pay for the city's pride of place. New York may lead in the realm of opera, but, as far as absolute music is concerned, Boston stands alone. The best of the world's soloists find their way to Symphony Hall during the season, so that nothing is lacking to complete the attractions.

The list of great musicians who have looked after the interests of the orchestra is an imposing one. Georg Henschel was the first (1881-4), and he was followed by

Wilhelm Gericke, Arthur Nikisch, Emil Paur, Gericke again, Dr. Karl Muck, and Mr. Max Fiedler. The orchestra does not limit its activities to the city that is its home. New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia enjoy a taste of its quality, though two of these cities have their own flourishing orchestral societies, and do not depend upon the ministrations of bodies beyond their own area.

The Boston Symphony players are not only well provided for by the administration, but they have their own pension fund, and two concerts are given annually for its benefit. Everything is done to make the players feel that they have fixity of tenure in their office and a measure of security against the latter days. This must have done much in the past, and must be doing much in the present, to make for a measure of ease that every musician should enjoy. Only a rich city, and one with public-spirited men in it, could carry on work that is designed to be good rather than profitable; there have been years when the deficit has approached £9000, but it has been cheerfully met. The chief items of outlay are, of course, the conductor and the soloists, and the fee paid to the first-named is one of the prizes of the musical profession. It is not for a modest sum that one of the great lights of the European world of music crosses the Atlantic even to conduct a fine orchestra in a concert hall that is probably second to none.

COMMON CHORD.



RETIRING WITH HONOUR: MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, OF THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

Thanks to contradictory cables, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein was for some time a puzzle to those interested in the future of the London Opera House. His decision to abandon the production of grand opera in London has now been made known. "I have decided," he said to a Central News representative, "that there is nothing left for me but to withdraw, making room for one of more English nationality. With the deepest regret, therefore, I withdraw from a musically virgin, but subtle ground. Yet I am glad to have illustrated the possibility of a permanent grand operatic institution in London. Under the circumstances, there is nothing left for me but to sell or lease the edifice in Kingsway. I hope that it will fall into the hands of parties who will devote it to some of the great and worthy purposes for which it was erected by me."

A WATER - PLANE NECESSITY !



“FLYING UNDER LOCAL BRIDGES STRICTLY PROHIBITED”: MUGTOWN “POSTERS” IN GOOD TIME.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GILL.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

LIFE AT L'AMELIE: THE "RAPE OF THE ÇABINES," AND OTHER MATTERS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."



BACK TO THE LAND: ON THE SEASHORE AT DEAUVILLE.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

BETWEEN two showers we went reconnoitring in the pine-forests bordering the sea-shore, and there we found a wonderful sandhill. It is steep, firm, and smooth, for the sea has licked it. We came back home, hunted in the attic, the shed, and the cellar, and found the drawer of an old chest. It will make an ideal toboggan. We are going to try it this evening. There will be no one to laugh at our spills, at our shrill cries, puerile joys, at the mêlée of our bare, brown legs beating the air in a final upset. The whole plage belongs unto us. There is nothing as far as the eye can see but the sea, the sands, the sky, and ourselves. There are lots of us, all ridiculously young—the youngest of all being grandfather, the oldest a little girl of eight, whose name and sweetness is May, but whom we call Conscience, for it is she who rebukes and keeps us in order, or, at least, from further disorder. We should be quite happy if sun rays were not so rare. We live in a prism of mauves, greys, and blues melting into silver, like the tints of the marine thistles that grow in the sands. We often stand in rapture before their wonderful leaves, proud, acerb and archaic, fed on sea-spray and the dust of mother-of-pearl. And a regret seizes us that plants so noble should have been so vulgarised on spoons and forks and knife-handles by vile *joailliers* crazy with Art styled New, but as old as the sandhills.

Our joys are simple, varied, and inexpensive. We bathe twice a day, at eleven and five. The ocean on our shore is never in the same mood and never of the same colour. This morning the rain fell, large, flat, and tepid, as we were floating on a turbid sea. One of us youngsters opened his mouth to shout, "Que d'eau! que d'eau!" but a wave, unexpected and gigantic, drowned his quotation.

Yesterday was the *grande marée*. The sea came further inland than it ever did. We the wise, if limited, population of L'Amelie, who left our plage bare and beautiful, suffered no damage from the brutal greediness of the sea; but Soulac, the nearest town, a pretentious bourgeoisie of a town, a place packed with tents, cabins, cafés, and little shopkeepers from Bordeaux, had its front cruelly eaten up by the advancing ocean. Soulac said to the sea, "Thus far and no

farther," but, swelling and heaving and arching its back like some angry cat purring falsely, the ocean made a sprint towards that town and, with foaming tongues, lapped up tents and cafés, chairs and tables, booths and bathing-boxes. "L'enlèvement des Çabines!" said one of the youngsters, as the last of the bathing-boxes was seized and carried away on a "white horse." But we treated his pun and his *cédille* with the "despisery" it deserved. The sea reaped in a moment a great deal that could be of no use to her; such as a sewing-machine, sunshades galore, a Panama hat, newspapers innumerable, and a woman's tresses pinned to a blue bow. We thought for a time the bow might be pinned to a woman, but it proved an unfulfilled expectation. Sensations are rare on our shores. And yet three days ago two tragedies darkened the light grey of the pure sky that kisses the pine tops. One of the tragedies we saw, the other was told us by Légé, the master-bather—in other words, the man who lets out bathing-boxes, gives swimming lessons, runs errands, darns fishing-nets, and occasionally saves a life or two. He also happens to be sexton and bell-ringer, lends a hand for the vintage, and is the very well-informed Gazette of L'Amelie. But his story will keep until next week. Here is the drama we ourselves witnessed. We were on our backs lying on the warm sand that yielded to the pressure of our lazy bodies, and we were talking languidly, as one does who stares above in the vague heavens, when we heard a shot softened by so much space of sand and sea. We

sat up curiously, and, as we did so, a thing white, warm, and broken fell on the hand of little May. It was like a huge snowflake, with palpitating wings, soiled with grey on the tips—a snowflake pitifully sentient, whose whiteness, little by little, was being changed to scarlet. It was a seagull "agonising," its coral legs shattered, its wings still open in a hopeless effort. Little May said "Oh!" and became very pale. She kept her small brown hand, red with blood, very still, so that no motion should add to the pains of the bird. But a dog, lean and swift, bounded among us, seized the gull between his teeth, and ran away with it towards the man, a man cruel and hideous, enormous against the horizon. He took the frail, white, panting thing in his large human hands—and little May wept.



THE NEWSPAPER DOG: A JOURNAL-CARRIER OF PARIS.

Our correspondent writes: "This dog may be seen daily in Paris carrying papers to his master's customers, who take the journals and place the money for them into a small box also carried by the dog. The dog goes straight on his errands and does not stop to play."

Photograph by Delius.



SUGGESTING A PILE OF DAMP MATTRESSES: THE HANGAR CONTAINING Mlle. DUTRIEU'S WATERPLANE AT TROUVILLE.

Mlle. Dutrieu is giving exhibitions of waterplane flying at Trouville. The photograph shows her hangar on the sands awash during the recent stormy weather. In the background is the new Casino.—[Photograph by C.N.]

BE MATEY! THE PROMOTION OF LOWER-DECKERS.



THE FUTURE OF THE ROYAL NAVY? AN ARTIST'S VIEW OF A SITUATION TO-BE.

An Order in Council has revived the title of Mate, which has not been used in the Royal Navy since 1861; and it is to be given to those warrant and petty officers taken from the lower deck for a course of training preparatory to becoming commissioned officers. It is understood that promotion from the lower deck will be more frequent than it has been in the past.

DRAWN BY S. VALDA.



"ULSTER WILL FIGHT" IN FICTION: A MILLIONAIRE'S REVOLUTION.*

IN the world of politics, not only coming events, but their flimsiest rumours are apt to cast appalling shadows before. Mr. Birmingham has flung himself upon the one which lies more grimly than any on the path of the moment, and transformed it into the most whimsical, kaleidoscopic colour-scheme imaginable.

The position of the Home Rule Bill is as we know it to-day: the determination of Ulster to fight, and the official approbation of the Opposition that she should, are also as we understand them in our latest newspaper—when Mr. Birmingham espies an American millionaire in Park Lane!

He was a very weary, bored millionaire. He had led English Society; he had dazzled it with his magnificent freaks of entertaining, his horses, his yachts, his charity subscriptions. And now he yearned after a bath of that nervous sweat which he had not known since the days when he fought for and wrested his fortune from others of his kind in New York. If only he could feel his nerves "like damned fiddle-strings" again! Chance had given Conroy a young Irishman for a secretary who could sympathise with this longing. Bob Power arrived at the sensation "by hanging on to a sea-anchor in a gale of wind off the Galway coast, or pushing a vicious horse at a nasty jump."

"It would be rather exciting," said Bob, "to run a revolution somewhere. There are lots of small states in the Balkans, you know, which could be turned inside out and upside down by a man with the amount of money you have. . . ."

"Get a map, will you?" said Conroy.

"Why not try Ireland?" said Bob, chiefly because he did not want to go running round the house after a map."

And presently the *Finola*, Mr. J. P. Conroy's steam-yacht, was in the Mediterranean; she took various eminent people as his guests: sometimes the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or a judge or two, a few generals, bishops, and so on. Between

these short and well-advertised cruises, the *Finola* took long, secret, and much more exciting voyages. She was transshipping guns in mid-ocean—not for the rebel Nationalists—oh, no! but for the Ulster loyalists.

The revolution, as it developed in Ireland, is told by Lord Kilmore, a witty looker-on. One Babberly is the voice of the English Unionist. Meanwhile, a retired Colonel sent a plan of campaign to the *Times*; and a war-like Dean led his drilled volunteers on a two-days' march from his church to Belfast. Bigotry and Business are always serious in Belfast, and beneath the impending triumph of the Nationalists they grew almost beautiful with a desperate courage. Behind these came Conroy with his guns, his intuition, his millions; and the struggle was at last precipitated by the Radical Government itself. They prohibited a meeting which the Unionists proposed to hold in Belfast.

Babberly, "who was no fool," pointed out the folly of rebellion—the crime of it. McNeice, a typical Ulsterman, followed Babberly:

"English politicians and Irish rebels said we were bluffing. Our own people—the men outside there in the street—[the crowd was passing the time in singing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past"] thought we were in earnest. The English went on with their Bill. Our people drilled and got rifles. Which of the two was right about us?"

Babberly returned to London, and the prohibited meeting was decided upon. That night two hostile armies walked up and down opposite sides of the Belfast streets. A fight looked inevitable at the gas works. The military, fearing the Irish would turn off the gas, put a party of Royal Engineers in charge. And some Irish fanatic, suspecting the soldiers of plunging the city in darkness so that short work might be made of the people, was for wiping them out with a gun. But eventually both parties agreed to hand the works over to the police.

In spite of some real bloodshed (a Liberal politician became violently sick at the sight), this is the note of the revolution. Even when the fleet came, its one shell only "made flitters of the statue of the old Queen that was sitting forthint the City Hall." "'I'm thinking,' said McConkey, 'it's time for loyal men to be gettin' guns of their own when the Government is that thick with rebels and Papishes that they'd go shooting at the ould Queen. . . .'"

But Belfast grew more angry. Neither the Army nor the Navy took them seriously. And, enraged by the "play-acting," they sent Lord Kilmore to London with an ultimatum. "'All we ask,' said McNiece, 'is that the English clear out of this country, bag and baggage, soldiers, policemen, tax-collectors, the whole infernal crew. . . .'" 'Either that,' said the Colonel, 'or fight us seriously.' 'They'll clear out,' said Lord Kilmore."

And thus in Mr. Birmingham's brilliant satire was the "third Home Rule defeated by the unfaltering attitude of the Ulster Loyalists."



AKIN TO THE FALLING NIGGER "STUNT": HIT THE BULL'S-EYE AND THE BEAM SUPPORTING THE BOY WILL COLLAPSE.

This "side-show," seen at a village fair in Sweden; is, of course, first cousin to one favoured in the United States. In the American edition a negro sits on the bar and, when he falls on the bull's-eye being struck, tumbles into a tub of water.



A TOMBSTONE AS A PICTURE-FRAME: A PORTRAIT OF THE DEAD OVER A GRAVE.

Our correspondent writes: "The accompanying photograph, taken in a churchyard in Essex, shows a novelty in the way of tombstones. Framed in the stone, it will be noticed, is a photograph, a representation of the person buried in the grave. The print, a bromide apparently, is well preserved, despite its twenty years of exposure to the sunlight. It is closely sealed from the weather, covered in front by glass and framed round with a border of slate. The photograph bears the signature of the occupant of the grave.—[Photograph by Lunsden Photo. Bureau.]

L. S. D—!



THE FIRST UNSKILLED: Things ain't goin' well at 'ome, Bill

THE SECOND UNSKILLED: Wot's up?

THE FIRST UNSKILLED: It's the Missus—allus worryin'; worryin' fer money, mornin', noon, an' night.

THE SECOND UNSKILLED: Wot she do wiv it orl?

THE FIRST UNSKILLED: 'Ow the blankety blank am I ter know—I never give 'er none yet.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

ROSEWARNE.

By C. KENNETT BURROW.

Author of "Patricia of the Hills," "The Yeoman," etc.

I HAD gone to Le Croisic to recruit. My doctor told me (though I did not believe him) that I had been overworking; anyway, I found myself in the little Breton fishing village at the beginning of a coldish June. I suppose, as a matter of fact, I must have been a bit run down, for almost at once I began to feel myself a different man. Ideas came readily and strongly instead of in wayward and useless flashes; I was able to take long walks and stand long nights out with the fishing-fleet; and soon I was writing happily, with the material under my eye.

And certainly Le Croisic was inspiring. The salt-marshes had a continual fascination for me. Those grey and scummy rectangular pools, divided by broad, flat banks, stretching on and on until the ground rose to the church spire of Guérande, three miles away, had an unnamable mystery. In sunlight the domed or conical piles of salt looked like some strange primeval neoliths; when twilight crept stealthily across the plain they looked like the tents of a great army. There was a kind of sinister romance in those *marais salins*, and at night one fancied that strange phantasms paraded there.

Then, in the little harbour, there were the graceful sardine-boats, with fine, pale-blue nets hung from their masts to dry, which floated lightly and exquisitely in the air like bridal veils. And there was always the moving life of the little port, the aloof fishermen, queerly garbed in yellow and blue, the garrulous fisherwomen, immaculately neat and white-capped, and, as a kind of pulse of the community, at intervals of two hours, the summoning-bell of the *poissonnerie*.

There was only one other Englishman in my hotel, and, indeed, I saw no other about the neighbourhood. We exchanged a casual word or two now and then, but he did not appear anxious to get on closer terms, nor, for that matter, was I. Moreover, he always sat at a table by himself near the window, and appeared to keep a wary eye upon the quay and the passers-by. It was as though he were always looking for someone, not with eagerness, but with a kind of fixed expectancy. This rather got on my nerves, and I, also, fell to watching. Possibly I thought Le Croisic guarded a mystery.

All at once he became more friendly, and invited me to sit at his table. I learnt that his name was Rosewarne, that he had travelled widely, and that he had come to Le Croisic to study certain marine flora. I also discovered that at times he suffered from an almost intolerable stress of nerves. He was a picturesque and fluent talker, but at these times he would make long and painful pauses, fall upon a word, and stare before him with stricken eyes. Once, when I tried to help him back to the subject, he rose abruptly and fled from the room. At that moment a newcomer, obviously an Englishman, passed the window.

The next day Rosewarne asked me to walk with him, and we took the winding road across the salt-marshes. As we almost imperceptibly neared Guérande he took my arm and said abruptly—

"Have you ever been afraid?" The question was so unexpected that I paused and looked at him.

"Afraid? What do you mean? Afraid of what?"

"Have you ever been haunted by a great fear?"

"No," I said. "You mean, I suppose, an obsession, a fixed idea, possibly a delusion?"

"There can be no delusion about fear," he said emphatically. Then, as we moved on, "Listen. I shan't bore you. Thirty years ago I was in Rio. I was a youngster then, and had no more business in Rio than anywhere else. I imagined I was going to do something, I imagined I had ambition. But I also had money; I've always had money, curse it."

"Well," I said, "you can get rid of that easily enough."

"Ah, but I've never been a fool, except the once I'm going to tell you about, and then I wasn't so much a fool as a madman." He stopped and looked about him, taking deep breaths of the salt-charged air. I confess that I was a little disturbed, uneasy; there was something queer about all this, and the immense solitude of the marshes weighed upon me. Only one other figure was in sight, that of a woman, whose body bent and rose rhythmically as she worked the wooden scraper over one of the dried salt-pools. We moved on again.

"In Rio," Rosewarne continued, "I set out to see what I called

life. And the adventurous spirit took me into strange, unholy places. One night I was in a café in a narrow street near the harbour; it was a clear night, and I remember three English war-ships lay in the harbour. The café was a low, riff-raff hole, but there was enough gilt and glass and velvet about it for a theatre. And there, because I was out seeing life, God help me, I began to drink. I suppose the drink must have been damned bad; anyway, it soon began to hum on me. I happened to sit down at the same table as an Englishman—not one of my sort, but still I could talk to him. Even before I joined him I fancy he'd had enough, but he carried it well."

Rosewarne stood still again, and again breathed deeply. The sweat trickled from his forehead in great beads.

"We drank together, and toasted a girl who sat near. I can see her now. She just sat, smiling, and watching us with eyes, great black eyes, that had a look of hell in them. She just watched, I tell you. Then we began to quarrel about her, and she watched, always smiling. All at once the man sprang at me, and I saw a flash of steel. I swung aside, and the knife just caught me in the shoulder. His impetus sent him sprawling, and the knife fell. It was in my hand; I felt it strike into his body. I saw his white, sneering face below me as he struggled, and on a devil's impulse I slashed him straight across from ear to nose. When the blood spurted—" He stood still again and leant heavily upon my shoulder. I did not care to look at his face.

"Well?" I said.

"No one had stirred in that accursed place; it was a game to them; the room was as quiet as this marsh. I got up, and ran—ran for my life."

"And you escaped?"

"There was nothing like a real hue-and-cry. Such things were not uncommon in that quarter, and I had a friend who knew the ropes. I was safely up country in a week."

"Did the man die?"

"No, he recovered. I took care to find that out."

"Well," I said, looking towards the spire of Guérande that seemed to float in the blue, "I don't see what you have to trouble about. The fellow made a murderous assault on you and was hoist with his own petard. If you hadn't settled him he'd have been at you again."

"I know all that, I know all that," Rosewarne said, in a tone that might have been petulant if it had not been so infinitely weary.

"Why on earth should you be afraid now, after thirty years?"

"Don't you see," he said, his breath labouring; "don't you see that somewhere about the world there's a man scarred from ear to nose searching for me? I had a right to defend my life, but not to make that devilish slash. And, my God, don't I know that some day he'll find me, and strike home? And I shall have no right to defend myself then."

"This is nonsense," I said, shivering nevertheless. "This is sheer nonsense; it's obsession, madness. Pull yourself together, throw it off. Probably the man's dead long ago."

"I'm not dead," he said bitterly, "and if he were, don't you suppose I should have known?"

"Do you seriously mean to tell me you believe that you'd have had some sign of his death; felt some unmistakable intuition?"

"In my soul I know it." He spoke with an entire conviction that was almost horrible. I felt that it would be useless to argue with him in that mood. Rosewarne, I thought, was hardly sane. What he said next reassured me a little.

"I'm not always as bad as this. There are days, even weeks, when the menace seems to withdraw. Then I think that he is far away, somewhere at the other side of the world. When the fear comes upon me like a flood, when it shakes body and soul, as it does now, then I think—he is near, he has found me out, and he will strike."

"But you've been as bad as this before, and nothing has happened?"

"Yes, but by some chance he must have missed me then—God! I almost wish that he would find me now!"

[Continued overleaf.]

A COUPLE OF BRACE.



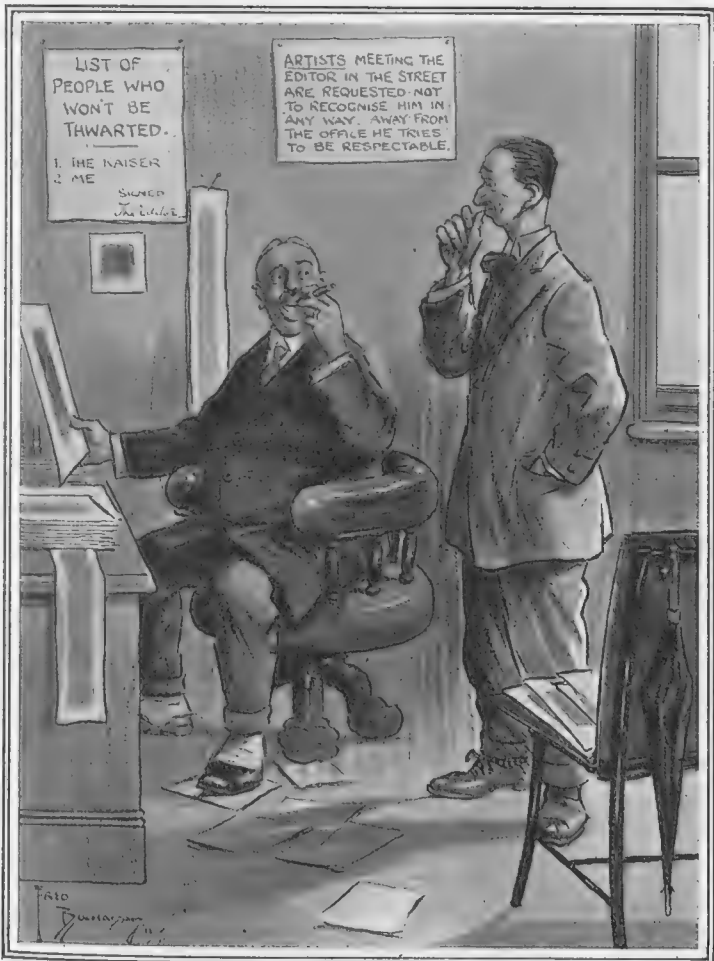
SHE (touring): Say, what town is this?
HE: What's to-day—Wednesday or Thursday?
SHE: Wednesday.
HE: Then I guess it's London.

DRAWN BY HUTTON MITCHELL.



THE VISITOR: You have a very fine view here, my friend.
THE GUIDE: Aye; can sometimes see a long way.
THE VISITOR (facetiously): Ah, I suppose you can see America when it's clear?
THE GUIDE (equal to the occasion): Further than that.
THE VISITOR: Ah, is that so?
THE GUIDE: Yes; if you wait a while, you'll see to the moon.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM PRANCE.



THE ARTIST: I think I've got a good joke this time, what?
THE EDITOR: You're right. It is a good joke—I always laugh at this one before I reject it; done it for years.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



FLODDERS (whose port has been disappearing with extraordinary rapidity): Somebody's going to suffer, Mrs. Higgs. That last bottle of port of mine was doctored.
MRS. HIGGS: Sorry to hear that, Sir; I used it fer that jugged 'are ye've just eaten.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GILL.

We had by this time reached the rising ground that leads up to the grey walls of Guérande, that self-contained little city set upon a hill. We turned to look back across the salt-marshes, shimmering under the sun of noon, to the church spire of Le Croisic. Rosewarne laid his hand upon my arm and spoke in an altered voice.

"I don't want to leave all this. I love the beauty of the world—of the world that cannot speak or sin. I have not even any quarrel with men, except myself. I have had the means to do as I wished; I have been a wanderer seeking beauty in the shadow of death. It would have been easy, you may think, to end this fear by ending myself. More than once I have held the poison-phial in my hand—but no, I could not do that. I must bear the burden to the end; mine must not be the hand that frees me for ever."

"My dear Rosewarne," I said, "believe me, I pity you from my soul. If I could only convince you that this fear of yours is a mere phantasm, the result of brooding on a sensitive mind."

"I have tried to believe that. But even supposing it were so, what then? The fear remains. But I know, I know!" Again I felt it useless to argue with him then, though I determined, gradually and by subtle means, to try to win him out of this terrible labyrinth.

"It's awfully good of you," he said, "to listen to me like this. The thing had me so by the throat that I had to speak, and I was sure you'd sympathise even if you didn't understand."

"I'm glad you spoke," I said; "talk as much as you like."

We entered Guérande by the beautiful Porte St. Michel, and for a time wandered about the narrow streets quite happily. The shadow seemed to have lifted from Rosewarne's spirit, and he talked entertainingly of many things. I was astonished at his range of knowledge. He had read deeply, and, as I have said, travelled widely, and he had a wonderfully retentive memory. Moreover, it was a memory that classified and collated, so that he presented you with well-ordered facts and theories, not with haphazard flashes. Memory and imagination, I thought, had done their work.

I had a curious feeling, as we sat at lunch together in a sunny room that opened upon a vine-wreathed verandah, that he and I were of two different worlds. I found myself trying to conjecture how he regarded material things, even the food before him and the wine in his glass. Did these strike him as being the means, not of life, but of forcing him to keep alive that terror which he bore in his heart? And later, when he sat down in the café and wrote two or three picture post-cards, I wondered how he regarded such ordinary and trivial things. As I watched him a sense of unreality began to creep over me; there was something strange in the sound of his pen. Was he writing commonplace words to commonplace people?

The sky was overcast as we walked back to Le Croisic, and the marshes, with their sentinel pyramids and domes of salt, appeared infinitely vast and dreary. The wind, too, was rising, and the low boom of the sea reached us across the waste. At another time I should have welcomed this changed aspect, but now I feared its effect on Rosewarne. But he did not seem to be affected by it; indeed, his eyes were quick to appreciate varying tones of colour, and when a sudden sunshaft struck the spire of Le Croisic to an ethereal whiteness he gave an exclamation of delight. "Constable," he said, "would have loved that!"

After dinner we walked out to the lighthouse at the end of the breakwater, and watched the fishing-fleet, blue and yellow sailed, beat out against the haggard western glow. It was difficult to stand against the rush of the wind on that exposed point, and impossible to talk save in shouted monosyllables. We lingered until all was a blur of tempestuous turmoil.

On the way back Rosewarne took my arm.

"This has been the best afternoon I've had for months," he said, "thanks to you."

"No great thanks to me, after all."

"I feel quite free for the time. Things look different. Le Croisic looks different, the people, everything."

"And they'll remain different," I said, "if you fight hard."

"We shall see," he said musingly.

There was no one in the café of our hotel except two or three of the maids, who always did their needlework there in the evening to the accompaniment of a subdued chatter. Rosewarne and I had been talking about nothing in particular for some time when a man entered, the Englishman whom I had seen pass the window the day before. He gave the usual friendly greeting and sat down at a table near us.

"My God," whispered Rosewarne, "it's come at last!" I looked at him; his face was stricken grey.

"Nonsense!" I said.

"Look at the left cheek—the scar!" I looked closely, and a cold shiver thrilled my spine. Certainly there was a scar. I pulled myself together.

"Well, is there only one man in the world with a scarred face? And that's not the kind of thing that you described; any slight accident might have caused that." I don't think he even heard what I said, but repeated—

"My God, it's come at last!"

In a minute Rosewarne rose and left the café, I following. We

went up to his room, and there he sat by the open window, staring into the windy dark.

"This is folly," I said sternly. "Be a man. You're not a coward. The whole thing's preposterous."

"It's the end," he said, "the appointed end." I was almost in despair.

"The man isn't even staying in this hotel. He only dropped in casually."

"What of that?"

"Do you recognise him?"

"The scar!"

"But not the man—after thirty years; a man you only saw once when you were mad with drink?"

"There can be no mistake," he said wearily.

"Look here, Rosewarne," I said. "Will you promise to remain here for half-an-hour?"

"Why not?"

"And for heaven's sake fight with yourself, strangle this thing, hammer it dead!"

It was with some trepidation, I confess, that I returned to the café; after all, there was just a lurking possibility that Rosewarne might be right. The Englishman was still sitting there, smoking English tobacco, and reading an English newspaper. I seated myself at his table, and at once began to talk of Le Croisic, the fishing, this and that.

"It's good to come across a fellow-countryman," he said cordially. "Of course, I saw at once that you and your friend were English. I'm a bit lonely till my wife and kids join me."

"Have you travelled much?"

"Well, only in the way of duty. I'm a soldier. I've been stationed at Gib., and seen service in India and South Africa."

"Then you've never 'rolled to Rio,' as Kipling wants to in the song?"

"Rio? Bless your soul, no! Rio's out of my beat. But you should hear my boy sing that song; you shall, if you're here when he comes." There was no doubting the man's truthfulness. The relief I experienced told me how much I, too, had been afraid.

I made an excuse to leave my companion for a few minutes, and returned to Rosewarne's room. He was perfectly composed now, and smoking a cigarette. He listened to me quietly, and then said—

"Well, it may be so. Anyway, I've got the fear under. I'm ready for whatever may come."

"Won't you come down and assure yourself—talk to this good-natured, decent chap?"

He shook his head. "No, I won't do that. I'll get to bed. I think I shall sleep; don't worry about me. You've been awfully good to me, I can't thank you enough." He took my hand and pressed it lingeringly. "It's you," he said, "who have scotched the snake, driven the beast back to the jungle."

"My dear Rosewarne," I said, "your own will has done it—Sure you don't want anything to-night?"

"Nothing, thanks, except sleep. Good night—friend." Once more I returned to the café, this time with an extraordinary sense of exaltation. It was as though I had seen a tortured body saved from the rack. I felt that now Rosewarne would win through.

I spent the rest of the evening with Major Brodie. He went off to his hotel about eleven o'clock, and I sat up till close on midnight, revolving in my mind the day's happenings, and wondering, though with a glint of comprehension, at Rosewarne's terrible obsession. It was remorse for that sudden and senseless act of mutilation that had preyed upon him; he made no allowances for himself; he had deliberately, as it were, rooted it in his soul.

I awoke about five o'clock and looked out of my window. The mists were rolling away from the salt-marshes; the sun lay broad upon the moving waters; already Le Croisic was awake. Sabots clattered, voices called. It was a morning on which to take the freshness of the world into one's being; it might almost complete Rosewarne's cure.

I slipped on a dressing-gown and went to his room. I knocked lightly, and opened the door without waiting for a reply. And then I stood still for a moment, advanced, stood still, advanced—

I had seen dead men before, and I knew at once that Rosewarne was dead. I am not afraid of death nor of the sight of death, nor was I afraid then. My hesitation was rather of wonderment mingled with an unutterable thankfulness. For when death had come to him it had come without fear. His expression was as of a happy surrender, of a gladness that had passed too swiftly for absolute recognition. That awful fear may, in effect, have killed him, but no avenging hand had struck the blow; the thrust had been from the clean rapier of Death. I understood. He had awakened to feel that final heart-pang, and in one joyful moment he had known that Death came kindly, that here all his fear was laid to rest for ever.

I let in the clear light and air of morning upon his happiness. The sentinel salt-mounds glistened in the sun; boats followed each other one by one into the harbour; tackle clanked and cordage creaked; the great doors of the *poissonnerie* were slid back. And in my heart arose an abiding passion of pity for all tormented souls.

THE END.

A GENEROUS ESTIMATE.



THE FIRST CLERK: How many people work in your office?

THE SECOND CLERK: Oh, I should say roughly about a third of them.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

HERALDRY IN ITS STRANGEST FORM: A FAMILY TREE!



WHAT WOULD THE TAX BE FOR THIS! A TOTEM OF PACIFIC COAST INDIANS, AT OAK BAY, VANCOUVER, B.C.

The Totem is a family or tribal sign, and is found in various countries. Discussing totemism as it is in Australia, Messrs. Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen point out that the Arunta believe that the original groups of human beings were made out of Inapertwa creatures, or incomplete human beings, who were in course of transformation from lizards, rats, parrakeets, ants, emus, trees, and so on. "The material object with which the human ancestor was thus closely associated, out of which, in fact, he was supposed to have been evolved, is spoken of as that individual's totem, and thus we see the earliest origin of totemic groups amongst these tribes, or rather the savage's idea with regard to their origin. . . These ancestral people started to wander across the country—lizard people along one track, kangaroo people along another, frog people along another, and so on right through the various totemic groups." Among the Haidah Indians each man has his own totem; and a rich man or a chief will add to his single totem "all his crests and all the stories connected with them."—[Photograph by W. S. Barclay.]



ON THE LINKS



WHEATON SPECULATIONS; PROSPECTS OF THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Big Affair at Wheaton.

Thoughts will be turned to the Far West for the next few days, and one may venture to say that in a certain way there will be as much interest taken in the fight for the Amateur Championship of the United States, that takes place on the course of the Chicago Club at Wheaton, Illinois, as in any event that has taken place on this side of the Atlantic during the present season. One reason for this is that American golf and British golf have lately become very intimate with each other, and international rivalry has attained a very keen state. There is again the fact that the American golfing invasion of Britain this season, such as it was, turned out a complete failure, none of the visitors doing anything to justify his reputation when in competition with British players; while again, on the other hand, the American athletes carried all before them in the Olympic Games at Stockholm, a circumstance of which the American newspapers made quite the most. But, following upon this, when the American golf com-



BROTHER OF PRESIDENT TAFT: MR. HARRY TAFT GOLFING AT NORTH BERWICK.

Photograph by Ian Smith.

petition season became really busy a few weeks since, the native players began to show very fine form, and in the Metropolitan Open Championship, which was played at Apawamis, this being one of the chief events of the season, an American born and bred professional, in Tom Macnamara, succeeded in gaining the first place, this being the first time that a pure American had ever triumphed in that event over the Scottish and English professionals who for the most part serve the chief clubs out there. Moreover, only once before had such a real American won any of the chief professional events of the country, this being last year, when J. McDermott won the American Open Championship—the same player who failed so completely in our chief competition at Muirfield this season—and he has recently repeated that success.

Mr. Hilton Defends.

But over and beyond all these reasons for a good interest being taken in what will be going on at Wheaton next week is the outstanding fact that a British golfer, in Mr. Hilton, is the holder of the amateur championship, which will be played for again on that occasion, and that he will be there, and Mr. Norman Hunter with him, to defend his title. An American friend recently wrote to me and said, "No Englishman will win at Wheaton this year." Of course, the odds are heavily against such a thing happening, simply because our man or men will be so much outnumbered. When only two or three are pitted against more than a hundred, the margin of superior skill needs to be greater than it can possibly be in these days for the little minority to have any very strong chance; but, for all that, we look to Britain making a great show, and little enough shall we be surprised if it wins

through to the very end. Last year there were 184 entries for the championship, all being American but two—Mr. Hilton and Mr. Douglas Brown, once a winner of the Irish open championship. This will be the twentieth time that the competition has been held, though on the first two occasions it was an unofficial sort of thing, the U.S.G.A., which is the governing body of American golf, not being established until 1895. It has always been won by American players except last year, when Mr. Hilton succeeded. Three times has Mr. Walter J. Travis, the man who, with his extraordinary putting, won our amateur championship at Sandwich, triumphed. Mr. H. J. Whigham won twice in the early years of the tournament; Mr. H. Chandler Egan—who has a great reputation for his amazing skill in playing from long grass, in which he is a specialist—gained the championship two years in succession, in 1904 and 1905; and Mr. Jerome D. Travers did the same in 1907 and 1908, this being the player who, when he came over after his second success, in quest of British championship honours at Muirfield, was defeated in the first round. No other man has won the American championship more than once.



ORANGE AND BLACK FOR THE GREENS: THE "BLAZER" GOLF COAT.

"The young ladies on the golf links this Fall," says our correspondent, "have decided that the 'blazer' coats and hats are the best wearing apparel for this sport. The photograph shows the coat made in Norfolk style, and of Princeton colours of orange and black with cap to match."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



NINE HOLES IN 28! J. H. TAYLOR, WINNER OF THE GERMAN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP, AT BADEN-BADEN—A CARICATURE.

J. H. Taylor and Edward Ray tied for the German Open Championship, at Baden-Baden. On playing off, over nine holes, Taylor won, giving a splendid exhibition by taking only 28 to Ray's 34. The longest hole on the course is 500 yards; the shortest 117 yards. The total distance is about 5000 yards. The first prize was £130 and a gold medal.

Some Good Mr. Fred Herreshoff, who was Americans. at our Amateur Championship at Westward Ho! this year, and is generally accounted one of the best players in the States, has never won, but has been in the final twice; while Mr. Charles Evans jun., generally known as "Chick" Evans, who competed at Prestwick last summer, has never even reached the final. There are some other very formidable American golfers who have not yet gained any substantial success in the tournament, and whose time is expected to come very soon. One of these is Mr. Oswald Kirkby, who has the reputation of being one of the longest drivers in the States, if not the very longest; and Mr. Albert Seckel is regarded as another potential American champion. But for the matter of that, there are several of the American players who are nearly, if not quite, as good as the very best of the others. I have had many opportunities this season of discussing the powers of the chief Americans with some of their own number, who know the form and capabilities of their own men as it is impossible for us to know them here; and for the most part they are inclined to say that the best of their countrymen is, after all, Jerome Travers, when he is in proper practice and is really on his game; that next to him "Chick" Evans may be the best; but that Mr. Travis is still constantly displaying streaks of wonderful form—as he has been doing just lately—and that then nobody in America is better than he is.

GOLF AT PICCADILLY CIRCUS: THE THING FOR WET WEATHER.

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME INDOORS—WITH REAL GRASS AND A REAL SAND BUNKER.



1. A DRIVE.

2. THE FINISH OF A BRASSIE SHOT.

3. USING AN IRON.

4. PLAYING OUT OF THE BUNKER.

5. WELL OUT OF THE BUNKER.

6. USING THE MASHIE.

7. WITH SCENERY REPRESENTING THE PRINCE'S LINKS

AT SANDWICH; THE GOLF SCHOOL, SHOWING THE BUNKER.

8. PUTTING.

Even this damp summer you need not be without your golf; you can play indoors—on real grass and out of a bunker containing two tons of sand. You drive from a mat; but iron play is from grass, and the putting is on an undulating green of grass, with three holes. More, you can golf by night as well as day, under electric light; and in scenery illustrating the famous Prince's course at Sandwich, with the club-house, the Maiden, and the 18th hole. This at the West End Golf School, of Great Windmill House, Great Windmill Street, Piccadilly Circus. [Photographs by Sport and General.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

MOTORING MORALS AND AMENITIES; A VALVELESS CAR; AND FRENCH ROADS.

"Let Brotherly Love—"

Time was when no motorist would pass another apparently assailed by engine or tyre trouble on the road without slowing down and stopping to inquire whether the halted needed aid or anything else. Certain old stagers still adhere rigidly to this gracious custom, and at times are hardly thanked for their trouble. Although this excellent phase of camaraderie has somewhat died out with drivers of motor-cars, it still obtains amongst motor-cyclists, who are particularly clannish and brotherly. But as motor-cycles become more and more perfect, this commendable custom may fall into disuse by reason of the fact that many stops have been made unnecessarily. To keep warm the kindness of motor-cyclist to motor-cyclist, a writer in the *Motor-Cycle* suggests that all the brethren of the single-gauge and kindred machines shall carry a little red flag, which they shall expose for the attention of their fellow-sportsmen at times when they are really stranded and really require assistance. I think, too, that motor-car owners might here take a leaf out of the motor-cyclist's book, and go and do likewise.

Have a Thought for the Troops.

A Transport Officer, Major H. W. Plant, 2nd N. Mid. Fd. Amb., R.A.M.C., has written to the motor papers pointing out that as, during the next few weeks, the roads in many districts will be much used by troops, motorists should show some recognition of the unselfish, patriotic work of these men by slowing down when passing



THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER: HER GRACE TALKING TO HER MOTHER, MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST, AFTER HER WATERPLANE VOYAGE WITH MR. GRAHAME-WHITE.

The Duchess of Westminster, piloted by Mr. Claude Grahame-White, went for a flight in the "Wake Up, England", waterplane when she was at Cowes.

a column, either halted or on the march. And not only should he slow down in passing if the roads are dusty, but he should continue so to proceed for half-a-mile or so, particularly if the day is windless and the dust is hanging. I regret to note that Major Plant says that, in his own experience, it is exceptional for a motorist to regard troops on the march as anything but an obstruction to his course; "indeed," says Major Plant, "he seems to think that a mixed column of men, waggons, and horses can skip off the road as easily as a single foot passenger." I, personally, would remind my readers that, but for the patriotism and unselfishness of these men, they might not be taking their pleasure in their cars, but would be tramping there too, with their kits on their backs and their rifles in their hands.

A Really Valveless Car.

Some time since, my bright particular star vouchsafed me a longish trip in a 15-h.p. Valveless car, which had lately come into the possession, by purchase, of a friend of a friend of mine. It is really difficult to imagine any car more completely suitable for the non-technical owner-driver, as this particular owner happened to be. The engine, which has two cylinders, with a common combustion-chamber, is of the two-cycle type, and is really valveless in the truest sense of the term. I know that the term valveless is applied to many other engines, but wrongly so, in my opinion, when sleeves, single or double, reciprocating or rotating, are used to open and close ports. In the Valveless, the opening and closing of the inlet and exhaust ports is performed by the passage of the pistons past suitable openings in the cylinder-walls, and that is to be valveless indeed. Their perfect balance in engine-running is obtained by the use of two crank-shafts and fly-wheels, which rotate in opposite directions, and are geared together. The car runs very sweetly and quietly,

slow on top speed in traffic, and holds its top over hill-tops in a surprisingly resolute manner. It steers remarkably well, and is most comfortably sprung. What would happen and what would result if four cylinders were used, I can hardly think; probably many other four-cylinder engines would look very foolish.

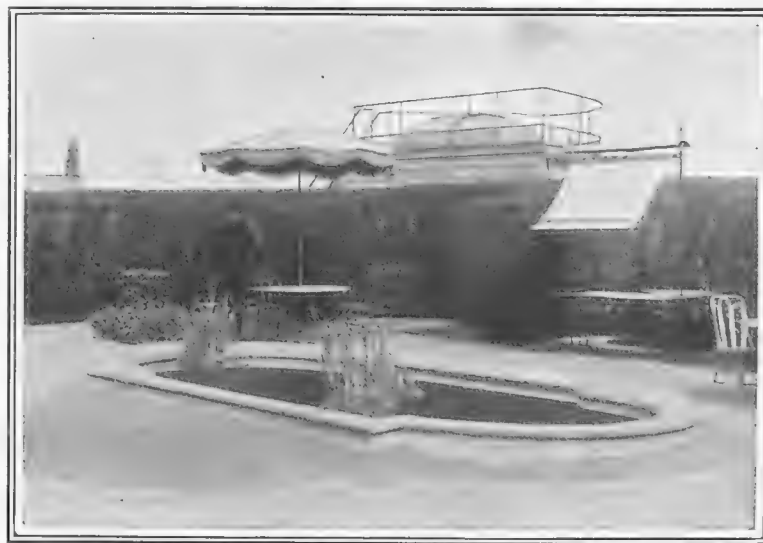
Deterioration of French Roads.

Just a word of advice to those who may still be contemplating a motor-trip in France particularly. Since the popularisation of the motor-car with our good friends across the Channel, the surfaces of their once wonderful roads, their main roads particularly, have woefully deteriorated, and oh, the pity of it! little or nothing seems to be done to restore them, even in part, to their original grand condition. Motorists who have been cyclists and have toured in France on cycles in the latter part of the last century, and are now returned from motor tours, frequently over the same roads, are shocked by this sad deterioration. Until the advent of the motor-car, the highways carried little or no traffic, a slow-moving farm-cart or dog-cart being the only users, and their foundations and surfaces were never formed with the idea of serving anything else. The motor has cut them to smithereens, and the only way to drive on fairly decent surfaces in France, to-day is to take the *routes départementales* and the *routes vicinales*, though it may mean detours, whenever possible.



FOR ATTACK FROM THE AIR OR FROM THE GROUND: THE LEWIS AEROPLANE GUN, WHICH FIRES FIFTY SERVICE-RIFLE BULLETS IN FOUR SECONDS.

Our correspondent writes: "Colonel I. N. Lewis, of the United States Army, has invented a rifle which can be used by airmen or against them. It fires fifty service-rifle bullets in four seconds, weighs twenty-five pounds, and is said to be without recoil or flame. It has been tested from a Wright biplane against an improvised target consisting of a piece of cheese-cloth 6 feet by 4 feet, surrounded by a marked rectangle 2 yards by 15 yards. The fifty shots fired at a height of about 300 feet went within the rectangle, a dozen of the bullets practically hitting the cloth. Features of the Lewis gun are the circular disc-like attachment, containing fifty cartridges, and the automatic air-cooling device."—[Photograph by C.N.]



NOT LIKE THAT OF EDEN! THE ROOF GARDEN OF THE FRENCH AUTOMOBILE CLUB—FOR MEN ONLY.

The roof garden is growing in popularity in Paris, and may be seen in various quarters. That of the French Automobile Club is an excellent example—save that ladies are not admitted to it.

SETTING THE FASHIONS? COSTUMES FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS.



1. AND SO APPROPRIATELY DRESSED FOR THE JOB! Mlle. CHARLOTTE
LYSÈS WORKING IN THE FIELDS DURING HER HOLIDAY.

2. Mlle. MEG VILLARS AT PARIS-PLAGE: "UN 'PAS' SENSATIONNEL."

3. AMONG THE HAY: Mlle. MONNA DELZA.

The French actress, leader of fashions, would seem to have determined to set up a new standard for the following of those making holiday by the sea or in the country. How else can be explained the "worker's" costume the charming Mlle. Lysès wears so bravely in the fields; and the boyish garb adopted by the delightful Mlle. Monna Delza? To Mlle. Villars alone, of the three Parisian players whose portraits are given, seems to belong the sense of "fitness": she is conventional in seaside costume, if less conventional in action.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Soul of Dinard.

Every place of distinction on the earth's surface has its *genus loci*; even the flat, monotonous Sahara has a soul which Arabs and poets can perceive and describe. Now, the Spirit of the Place in Dinard is an eminently sophisticated Beauty, a nymph in Paris clothes, a Menad caught in the toils of civilisation. For here you have one of the wildest bits of coast on the Channel, with red soil, pine-woods, and rugged islands, with lovely St. Malo laid out like a picture to your right, and it has been converted into a town of sumptuous *châteaux*, villas, and hotels, with smooth roads and green gardens frothing over with flowers. Even the bathing is a rite, a ceremony undertaken only, by the womenfolk, at least, when attired in wonderful garments, with shoes, stockings, bracelets, and I know not what that is superfluous when stepping into the sea. The red-and-white bathing-tents of Dinard are, indeed, the *mise-en-scène* of an elaborate ritual which is played every day from July to September. There is always an audience, sometimes supplied with opera-glasses, and usually with cameras, and the high-priestesses, acolytes, and even the neophytes in the drama show an amazing aplomb in performing the mysteries. For dress plays an important part in the life of this Brittany watering-place from dewy morn till rosy eve, and if you wish to cut a dash among folks from the Boulevard St. Germain, from Fifth Avenue, and from Mayfair, you must be prepared to sacrifice to the altar of the Goddess of Fashion at least three times a day.

Dinard s'Amuse.

The steep streets which lead down to the famous Casino are lined with bric-à-brac shops, milliners from Paris, and places for afternoon tea. And to the Casino the visitors direct their footsteps—at night their motor-cars—three times during the twenty-four hours. In the morning, Dinard repairs there to "see what is going on," and to drink a "dry Martino" on the Terrace and nibble at fried potato chips. One hastens to add that this is not a French fashion, but one which, obviously, hails from Newport, Rhode Island. So you will see beauteous American ladies seated in fearful and wonderful toilets, drinking the cock-tail, at mid-day, which has obtained such a hold on Young America. In the afternoon they go again, to have tea under a cool awning, gossip, and listen to the band. At night, you may have the latest Parisian success, presented by Parisian actors, in the theatre; a dance, at which low gowns and vast hats are worn; or you may play at baccarat in the discreetest of clubs, or at *petits chevaux* in the company of all Dinard. But always you must be in parade-dress; there is no relaxation from the round of forced smiles, uncomfortable clothes, town manners, and small talk which you might reasonably expect to leave behind you with the last London party. In short, Dinard is a sophisticated nymph.

A Cosmopolitan Village.

If, as Mr. Lisle March Phillipps contends, architecture is the outward expression of the soul of a race, Dinard is a case in point, for its trio of inhabitants and visitors, English, American, and French, have raised the quaintest assemblage of houses it is possible to conceive. The

English have, wisely, insisted on terraced gardens overhanging the bay, and gay with cherry-coloured geraniums. The Americans have their pretentious villas, in which faience plays a conspicuous part in ornamentation. It is they, too, who insist on the national verandah and the national rocking-chair; while the French have erected their discreet white *châteaux* with those green wooden shutters which at once suggest a foreign land. Thus, Dinard presents to the eye an extremely varied and cosmopolitan appearance, if, as a *coup-d'œil*, it lacks homogeneity and "style." One famous house, standing in a street, is covered with carved mediæval wooden statues and gargoyles, and all the summer residences which give on to the bay have vast windows covered by one single pane of glass, which frames the incomparable view of picturesque St. Malo. With such a sea and landscape outside your windows, it is impossible to have a house entirely devoid of charm. For the sea along this coast is of an exquisite greenish blue, as of some beautiful and rare enamel, and if some imaginative architect planned a town on the horizon which would give a point and meaning to the whole scene, he would build it just like St. Malo, with its ramparts, walls, and thin cathedral spire.

Where You Can Go.

For those who are not specially enamoured of town life by the sea in holiday time, Dinard has other attractions, for it is so situated as to be within a motor-run of many curious and alluring places. Some people spend their days on the golf links at St. Briac, gossiping between-whiles with the English in the little club-house, and consuming vast quantities of tea and cherry jam at five o'clock on the verandahs. Others take tea, very frequently, at that most picturesque of garrison-towns, Dinan, with its bluecoated officers and inimitable cakes, its shady ramparts, and its wonderful bridge, flung at a dizzy height over the rushing Rance. Then, too, Mont St. Michel is within a motor-run, so that the famous omelette of Mme. Poulard—that wonderful cook who is now a retired *rentière*, with a distinguished physician for a son—may be consumed within early coffee and late dinner at Dinard. To the south, again, there is the mediæval *château* where Chateaubriand spent his early youth, and where they have collected so many mementoes and belongings of the great writer. It is a fertile and beautiful country, this eastern portion of Brittany, with wooded slopes dotted with fourteenth century castles, some still inhabited, and decorated and furnished in pseudo-mediæval style. In short, a place in which you can spend a holiday of assorted pleasures, and that, after all, is one of the ends of holiday-making.



AN ELEGANT DÉSHABILLÉ.

The above is a pretty tea-gown, with a shaped coat, of Valenciennes lace, fastened in front with an old hook-and-eye clasp. The underdress is made of black mousseline-de-soie, and a blue silk rose is worn in the belt, which is of rose-coloured panne. The lace coat has a narrow border of jet all round it.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 11.

LAST WEEK.

MARKETS have presented a firm tone again during the last week, and, owing to the activity of the Government Broker, Consols at one time touched 76, while other gilt-edged securities were sympathetically firmer, but the outbreak of trouble in China and the unrest in the Near East have kept Foreign Government securities from participating in the movement. Home Rails have been quieter after their rise during the previous week, and close lower on balance. Among Miscellaneous issues Rubbers have been again the feature, and, as buying seems to be chiefly for those who wish to take up and pay for their purchases, it looks as though investors are at last beginning to turn their attention to some of the undoubtedly attractive shares in this group.

FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

This department has been an interesting market lately, and Mexican Rails have been a particularly good spot. We are inclined to think that a little caution in this direction would be advisable, as correspondents on the other side are far from unanimous in considering the political situation to be satisfactory.

The chief interest in the Argentine group has centred round those lines affected by the circular announcing the formation of the Argentine Railway Company; and three Cordoba lines, which are to be brought under the same control, have been in strong demand. Brazil Common stock is also considerably higher on the week. Although this Company is nominally unaffected by the new combine, the fact that both groups will be under the control of Mr. Farquhar should ensure amicable relations and must benefit both groups of shareholders. We understand also that further developments of the same kind may be expected before very long.

Another advance which we are pleased to note has been in Guayaquil bonds, which close at 64½. The market talks of 80 per cent. of the arrears being shortly paid in cash and a sinking fund established. We have consistently recommended this security for some time past, and expect to see a still further advance when the new President is installed.

EGYPT.

Considerable firmness has been displayed this week in the shares of the Egyptian Land Companies, and advices from that quarter continue to give excellent reports of the coming cotton crop. The ravages of the worm have been less serious than has been the case for some time past, and it looks as though this crop is going to be one of the largest that has ever been baled. Prices for most grades are lower, it is true, owing to the prospect of a large crop in America, but, nevertheless, a total value of about £32,000,000 seems quite possible. The prosperity of Egypt is largely dependent upon cotton, and land values are sure to respond, so that Companies dealing in land should do well. For some time past they have had much to contend against, and, owing to the unsettled state of affairs in Northern Africa and the disturbance of credit due to the suspension of the Bank of Egypt, prices have dwindled to a very low level. Shares of the sound Companies, such as the Agricultural Bank, Egyptian Delta Land, the Behera Irrigation and the Gharbieh Land, can, we think, be bought with a fair degree of confidence.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

One firm of brokers had an investment order this week which totalled up to one million seven hundred thousand pounds. This was for a private client, and a very substantial slice of the money went into Canadian Pacifics. The rest of it was spread over Argentine Railway stocks and a number of other securities. The contract stamps alone came to a sum that would provide quite a pleasant month's holiday for an average man with his wife and family, and the brokerage—but let me not tempt you to break the Tenth Commandment.

Business really isn't so bad, considering the holiday season, the weather, and the Servant Tax. Orders have come rather fitfully, it's true: one day is a bad one, and so's the next, but the third makes up for the others. Pessimists tell us that as we have had a fairly good August, we are certain to have a slack September; but pessimists don't count, except in the Consol Market.

It is worth noticing how firm the market keeps for the Heavy Home Rails. Most of us think that the dividends for the present half-year certainly will be no worse than they were in the corresponding period of 1911, and if that is a good guess, Midland Deferred pays 5 per cent. on the money at 70, while Brum, Western, Leeds and Berwick can be bought to pay an average of pretty nearly 4½ per cent., which isn't at all bad, you know, considering the scope there is for improvement in the distributions in a normal year. The House tips just lately have been to buy the Sheffield stocks and Districts. Great Centrals responded all right, but Districts have been hanging fire. The traffics are good, though, the wet August proving a useful ally to Underground travel.

Great Central 1889 Preference at 78 looks a snip, because the line is doing well enough to warrant the belief that this stock will get its full 4½ next

February, nothing having been paid for the first half of the year. Here's a chance, surely, for the speculative investor with money to take up his purchases.

Canadas have not reached their third century yet, and many people are expressing disappointment that the price should be so near and yet so far. It is natural enough for proprietors to desire to see Canadas over 300, although I don't suppose that they would sell; in most cases, were their wish to materialise, as I think that eventually it will. Big bull pools in Canadas have vied with the weather in liquidating, and the sales this week were on a lavish scale. A fall of ten points from the best isn't much when compared with a rise of nearly 60 points beforehand. The traffics are splendid, and investors are hugging their holdings closely. It seems like aeroplaning in the face of all sound financial policy to refuse the substantial profits that most people with Canadas can now secure by selling; but those who don't mind taking the risk are likely, I venture to think, to suffer no regret for their inexcusable greed.

This excitement over Rubber shares is not quite so surprising as it looks. The Dock Strike of last month fostered the impression that there was an enormous amount of the raw stuff accumulating, and a drop in the price of rubber itself came to be looked for by the market, which read the optimistic speech of Mr. Lampard, at the Rubber Trust meeting, without catching the note of enthusiasm breathed therein. Then rubber began to rise instead of to fall, and so we sold more bears until the steady mopping-up of investment shares gave an inkling of what might possibly be coming. So the shrewd ones turned round, went bulls of rubber shares, and found themselves rewarded by the stuff going up to 5s. 2d. per lb., and the market developing very evident buoyancy.

As before, we are too much in the hands of the raw produce division for mere speculation to be safe. There was no one who did not look for a good reaction at the end of last week; but in point of fact the market left off, on the eve of the beanfeast holiday, right at the top. And, what is more, there are many thousands of shares being taken up this time, shares which the buyers should press for if they don't come along by the buying-in day.

That there will be a full-dress rubber boom, the many authorities whom I have asked are highly sceptical about. Maybe they're bears, and even if they are not, they may be desirous of seeing prices react a little: it would give them the opportunity of replacing shares they had sold, and which they would be glad to have back on their books at lower figures. Can't see my way, let me candidly confess, in the speculative list, though amongst the less familiar shares, not so readily marketable, there are plenty which are cheap on present dividends and on prospects.

Of the lower-priced shares, I should feel inclined to go for London Asiatics and Rubber Trusts, in spite of the big rise that the latter shares have had. The Company's investments must indeed have appreciated since the accounts were made up, because nearly all the investment shares have been in favour for fully a month past, and the Trust should be in a fine position now. If you want to gamble in Penny Bazaar shares, try Bukit Sembawang and Singapore United, both about a florin apiece. Bukit Mertajams are popular shares, but methinks the other two just mentioned will pay better to buy. Sungei Siputs at a shilling apiece can't do much harm to anyone who picks them up and regards the cost in the light of option-money. They, like the others, are florin shares, fully paid. And for a tanner you can get about 400 Way Halins: not a bad little concern, though one for whose property too much seems to have been paid in the first instance, and which has disappointed sorely the folks who gave much higher figures than the present sixpence a time.

Why is it, I wonder, that most men are so unblushingly untruthful when stating how long a holiday they have had? I know fellows, painfully honest, meticulously accurate, in everything else, but who lie shamelessly about holidays. They go away for a month, and call it three weeks; they take ten days and refer to it as a week-end; they—but you (if you're a man) know all about it, and I am not sure that on this point I would guarantee all that is said by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, August 24th, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

INTERESTED.—We do not care to recommend the people you name. Their profits are largely made by taking blocks of securities, mixing them with others better known, and selling to their clients.

SCOTT.—(1) The Calico Printers' report is very disappointing; it is over-capitalised, but you had better hang on; (2) The Lady's Pictorial report will be out towards the end of October. If you can get shares at under 60s., you might average.

F. B. M.—(1) We can give no idea of the price to which this gambling counter will or may go; (2) The Ordinary shares of International Railways of Central America are a gamble, but if you will lock them up for some months, you will see a profit.

YANK.—The 4 per cent. Refunding bonds of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway or the 5 per cent. General Lien bonds would suit you. There is a very interesting article dealing with this Road in the Stockbroker of the 24th instant, which it is worth your while to read at the cost of 1s.

QUIRO.—Don't take your Guayaquil profits yet; you ought to get the present price plus the back coupons for profit.

W. J. M.—The United Malaysian Company is greatly over-capitalised, but is selling a lot of produce at good prices (nearly 4s. a pound), and although it is hard to see how it can pay a dividend, it is certainly doing better. We should not sell under five or six shillings.

F. H. G.—(1) The Union Bank of Australia is a first-class concern. The shares stand at over 130 per cent. premium. (2) A magnificent bank. (3) Canadian Bank of Commerce, price about 23, yield 4 7s. 6d. per cent.; and Bank of British North America, price about 80, yield 4 17s. 6d. per cent. (4) Very difficult to say which are the best. Perhaps London County and Westminster, Lloyd's, and Union of London and Smith's.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

Words Fail

To describe the weather; the innocent post-man little knows what terrible language he discharges into our letter-boxes. It is really enough to blow our roofs off. We are having the worst autumn up here in Sutherlandshire for sixteen years—possibly for much longer; we know no one who has longer acquaintance with the place—but we get part of most days fine; some altogether so. We find much to do, and to-day, in pouring rain, motored over to Dun-robin Castle, which we had a permit to see over. We loved it more for the superb views from the windows than for anything else. Next, I think, the homeliness of it appealed to us. The rooms are finely proportioned and lofty, but they are comfortable and bear the impress of having been lived in. Some of the corridors are carpeted, as is the fashion in these parts, with the Sutherland tartan. It is dark, of greens and blues, like the hills up here in the evening light, and it makes a harmonious covering, though I liked better the laurel-leaf of the Levesons, on a red ground, used for carpeting the great staircase. There are many and beautiful pictures, but none to compare with those at Stafford House. I greatly liked the oil-painting of the Marquess of Stafford given to him by the tenantry on his twenty-first birthday. A companion-picture of the Marchioness is their wedding present to him; it is not yet finished. There is a painting of the Duchess also in the large drawing-room. It is a poor and colourless representation of a lady of whom neither word could ever be used in description. One of the late Duke, in full Highland dress, compels attention because of the dress and pose.

Where a Great Queen Slept.

The room where Queen Victoria slept is shown to visitors. Her Majesty had a bed-room and dressing-room down a corridor called by her name. The bed and all the furniture were shrouded in white, but one saw that the chambers were such as would have

appealed to that great lady. They are lighter, indeed, and brighter than other rooms that I have seen where she has slept. The walls are covered with silk, on which is the laurel-leaf of the Levesons. It was probably white or a very delicate cream colour, with the leaf in green, but is now faded. The Duchess's personal rooms tell of her cultured taste and love for books. It is a castle and it is a home; a stately Highland home, and one of which its owners must be proud and fond. The gardens are a glory to it: laid out in Italian style, with grass walks like velvet, box borders neat and symmetrical, clipped trees and flowers like jewels set in jade. We could only see them out of the windows, alack! for the rain came down with distinct intention to wet!

Weatherbeaten. This is what no woman likes to look; yet it is what it is so easy to become, especially in a season



WHERE VISITORS TO DEAUVILLE MOST DO CONGREGATE BEFORE LUNCHEON: "LA POTINIÈRE," OTHERWISE THE RUE GOUTAND-BIRON.



A BIG BASS: M. CHALIAPINE, THE FAMOUS OPERA-SINGER, ON THE SANDS AT DEAUVILLE. M. Chaliapine, perhaps the most famous of living basses, has been singing in Massenet's "Don Quichotte," at Deauville.

like this, when the winds blow and the rains beat down. The skin is a wonderfully reciprocative thing. Give it a little care, and it repays it a thousand-fold. Antexema is a thing that many know about and would not be without for the world. More will, however, like to hear of its inflammation-allaying, irritation-soothing, cooling and softening properties. No skin trouble is too slight to benefit from its use, and none too severe to be alleviated by it. Any reader who likes to give it a trial, and will send 3d. for postage to Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W., will be given a generous sample of it, and of Antexema soap; also a family handbook, "Skin Troubles," which will be found most useful.

Leather.

There are few things we could do worse without. A well-known author has said there is nothing like it. Few people, be they men or women, appreciate presents more than those of leather. Henry C. Box and Co., 251, Kensington High Street, W., offer a wonderfully wide variety of all the up-to-date articles in fancy leathers. Consequently they are visited frequently by those in search of acceptable presents. They pay carriage to any railway station in the United Kingdom, and their

prices compare favourably with those of other firms. A cordelière bag, in grey Russian box-calf leather, with flap-over frame and centre purse division, fitted with puff, mirror, memo. tablet, and pencil, for 32s. 6d., is one notable example. A fold-up dressing-case in powder-grain leather of box shape, fitted with hair and cloth, tooth and nail brushes, two scent bottles, hairpin bottle, soap jar, tooth-powder box, comb, hand-mirror, button-hook, and scissors, at 42s., is another. One could go on giving examples did space permit; suffice it to say that in the firm's fine stock of fancy-leather things the most up-to-date articles, and those at best value, may be found.

The Kaiser on the Kitchen.

His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor is great at detail. When he was on his recent yachting cruise, he drove two miles from Swinemünde to see the site on which a children's convalescent home is to be erected. Although the clearing of the ground of trees had not yet begun, the exalted visitor examined every plan, and asked whether the saucepans in the kitchen were to be enamel or nickel-plated. They thought of having enamel, as

nickel-plated would cost fifty pounds more. "Much better have nickel-plated," said the all-wise Emperor, "it is so easy for enamel cooking-things to bring us stomach troubles." The Berndorf Metal Works, whose premises brighten the top portion of Regent Street, were doubtless glad to have such august testimony to the hygienic value of their beautiful cooking-utensils, which are in constant use on great liners and in great hotels, as well as in the private kitchens of the really particular. If they cost more to start with, they pay in the long run by lasting longer. They are seamless, being cut from solid blocks of metal, and it is, of course, easy to keep them scrupulously clean. They are really efficient in every way, while, as to hygiene, they are unsurpassable.



SEEN AT THE DEAUVILLE RACES: A CHARMING DRESS.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



SEEN AT THE DEAUVILLE RACES: A CHARMING DRESS.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Anglo-Indians."

By ALICE PERRIN.
(Methuen.)

If not the first for her readers, for Mrs. Perrin has written of India before, it is none the less a delightful opportunity. The Fleetwoods—father, mother, and three girls, are doing their last year of official life there. They are on duty in the hills within sight of the Himalayas, the untrodden Roof of the World. With shortening daylight and an icy sparkle in the autumn air, they take the road that is thronged at that season with moving crowds of coolies bearing every conceivable form of burden, even to pianos, and settle in their big plains bungalow. "It was a fine old building that had seen many Commissioners come and go, since days long previous to the Mutiny . . . with a swimming-bath in the vast compound, an orange grove, and the ruins of an elephant stable." Soon afterwards began the usual cold-weather tour, the life of camp and marches through jungle and village. Here Mr. Fleetwood may be met at work—a typical Anglo-Indian official, just, untiring, sympathetic; riding early, working late; attending to petitions, inspecting disputed boundaries, listening to every complaint and grievance, however petty or diffuse, and everywhere thwarted by the people themselves, who are antagonistic to Western codes of conduct, and know no mercy for each other. A young Rajah appears at intervals, making claims to sympathy with his problems, now so familiar to us, of Western culture and Eastern blood. The Fleetwood women visit his Zenana, heavy with perfumes, full of whisperings and tinklings and swish of robes. The little Ranj visits London eventually, and Fay, the youngest Fleetwood, acts as her chief attendant. Return to the station brings the moment of departure. It spells Ichabod for a family by now firmly planted in the reader's affection. John Fleetwood, in the vigorous fifties, walked down Piccadilly, a man *désouvé* and comparatively poor. In a passing omnibus he recognised the profile of a fellow-civilian, retired after holding a very high appointment. Logan was on a state elephant last time he saw him, going to open some show. Now he was squeezed in a penny bus between very ordinary people! The contrasts continued to drive themselves home; and not so long after, Mr. Fleetwood escaped from Norbledon, a healthy London suburb, by way of influenza, asking his dear

Emily, as he went, if it would bother her to see that the boxes of cartridges were packed for the march next morning. The three girls receive sympathetic treatment at Mrs. Perrin's hands, and all are settled happily eventually. The mother, who makes a quite adorable portrait, whether as hostess, wife, or parent, sits alone in the Norbledon villa as the curtain rings down. Hers is the tragedy of the generations, inevitable except by death. Mrs. Perrin understands these things equally as woman and as artist.

"Tenterhooks."

ADA LEVERSON.
(Grant Richards.)


A book dedicated to Mr. Robert Ross "owes to" scintillate. And on the whole, Mrs. Leverson may be said to have brilliantly fulfilled her obligation. The hero, Aylmer Ross (a name that sets speculation spinning), lives up to his surname in several notable *mots*. He even could afford to waste them on his valet, as when he laughingly reassured that hero-worshipper, "No. I'm all right. I'm never ill. I think, Soames, I shall probably die of middle age." Nor is the heroine—a very delicate study of femininity, far behind. She feels, when reading Kipling, as if "he were calling me by my Christian name without an introduction, or as if he wanted me to exchange hats with him. He's so fearfully familiar with his readers." "But you think he keeps at a respectful distance from his characters?" caps Ross. All this is very pleasant, and there is, besides, a spirit which makes for distinction in Mrs. Leverson's work—the spirit of cultured, disillusioned modernity, which disdains the architecture customarily built upon the passions, and interests itself rather with weaving subtle patterns in the inconsequent, shifting sands of the human heart. Nothing much happens in such an atmosphere, but nobody wants that it should, being very well interested with things as they are.

"The Big Fish."

By H. B. MARRIOTT-
WATSON.
(Methuen.)

The two adventurers who track across the Peruvian mountains in Mr. Marriott Watson's buried-treasure story were sufficiently well seasoned. "Our experiences included Siberia at its wildest, trekking in African highlands, penetrating Liberian jungles, starving in Australian deserts, and sledging it in Labrador and the Klondyke." And therefore, when they declare that nothing equalled that trail in the Cordillera, the reader may await sensational developments. An antique Japanese box, put up at auction in the Oxford Street sale-rooms, contained the text of the enterprise. It held a slip of paper referring to that legend of the Big Fish treasure buried by the Incas somewhere in Peru. Several fortune-seekers were already on the track of that slip of paper. But

[Continued overleaf.]



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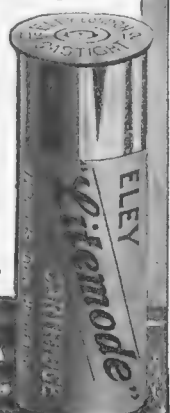
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mr. Lyn Harding as Drake; West African Girls in "Confirmation" Dress; Celebrities at the Dublin Horse Show; the Chief of the Macleans Home Again; "Metaphysics"; "The Forbidden Love Letter"; Mme. Anna Held at Deauville; Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, the Queen Elizabeth of "Drake"; "Romance"; Miss Edith Taliaferro in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"; Miss Hilda Trevelyan, the new manager; "The Burglar."

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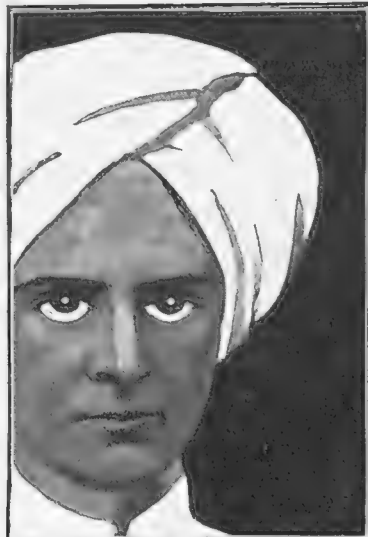
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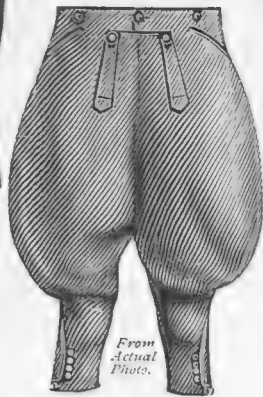
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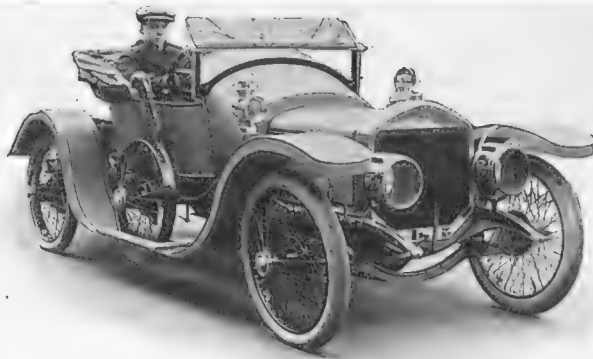
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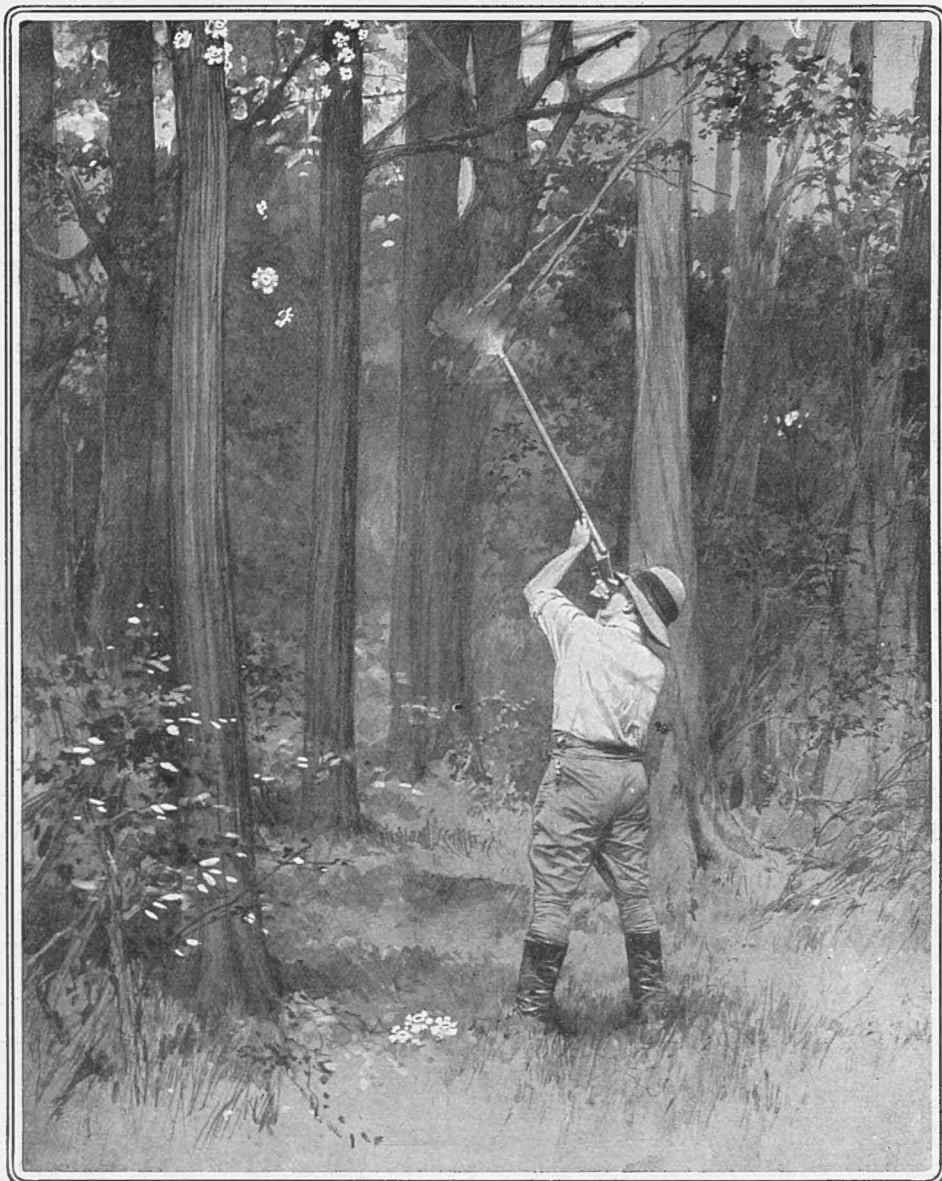
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chance dropped it in the keeping of a respectable though sporting English gentleman retired from the diplomatic service. He and his friend Dick Cassilis join forces with a man who had pursued the secret of the Japanese box to the extent of burgling it from its purchaser. And then Mr. Marriott Watson opens the real story. It moves magnificently along the high, terrible places of Nature's wildest scenery, and the most intense passions known to humanity keep company with it. Besides the pleasant ex-diplomat and his friend, there are others on the trail. Quite unscrupulous, and long ago demoralised by the greed of life, they play against and outwit or are outwitted by each other time after time. But all along, the real secret lies with two women, who also journey along the track of the adventurers. And consequently, seeing that they are young and fair, it is the most natural thing in the world that the secret they carried should find eclipse in the eternal secret of those relations which it is every novelist's pride to explore. Thus a very thrilling series of hairbreadth escapes ends with fatality for the villainous fortune-seekers, and with bliss of possession, though not of gold, for the two pleasant gentlemen who were their victims.

"The Unknown Quantity."

By CHARLES INGE.
(Evelagh Nash.)

The Cranks have done involuntary service to the novelist more than once. They have introduced some subtle and fantastic weapons into that war between the sexes which is the novelist's eternal theme. Mr. Inge's hero, though not fatally a crank, ran a near shave of being one. It began in India when Robin Peverell served with his regiment. "There is a curious feeling of mystery in India, you know. . . . Anyway, I began to think and wonder about causes . . . people's motives." It led to his retirement from the Army and establishing himself in London, to pursue these "causes," these "motives." Chance led him towards Eugenics, and a curious group of people who cultivate enthusiasms in that direction. They become a shade sinister in Mr. Inge's hands. Fortunately for Robin, an old friend of Army days reappears in town. He received Robin's account of the new cult, of the readings in the British Museum, of the hopes for a humanity made regenerate by generation, with genial discouragement. "You're on the wrong horse, Peverell; you're up against the blooming world. People won't stand stud law." It took, however, the "unknown quantity" to dissipate Robin's nobly conceived theories. A blind girl, blind by birth and, therefore, physically unfit in the most seriously Eugenic sense, became

passionately desired by him as a wife—yes, and as the mother of his children. She belonged to a family of sisters, charmingly drawn by their author, and no one will refrain from satisfaction that natural selection triumphed finally over the scientific one. The victory was not achieved without a considerable struggle, however, and Mr. Inge contributes an amusing chapter to the social impressions given by that particular cult of modern folk who yearn to see the matrimonial intentions of humanity rigidly censored by the State.

"Judith Lee."

RICHARD MARSH.
(Methuen.)

Miss Lee had a talent, partly hereditary and perfected by training, which enabled her to see what people said when she could not possibly have heard. She was, in fact, as her father before her, a teacher of the deaf and dumb. And she taught them by the lip-reading system. Mr. Marsh's book is the account of a series of adventures which Judith Lee experienced, thanks to that gift. They are mostly extremely alarming ones, and had she not been, as she explains, a young person to whom fear was unknown, her life would have become a thing of terror. She found them, nevertheless, quite stimulating, though conscious of their danger; and she unfolds for the reader many a tale of violence and crime, which she became aware of, and mixed up in, thanks to her vision for language. The world appears a shockingly criminal one in the light of her experiences, quite half of it being engaged in nefarious pursuits. And there is a decidedly piquant note which Mr. Marsh emphasises with much ingenuity in this prim, almost childish, creature, taking notes at every turn that would make the mouth of a Scotland Yard detective water.

We much regret to find that in our last issue the photograph of the Dowager Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, with whom the Queen and Princess Mary have recently been staying, was described as though it were a portrait of the reigning Grand Duchess. The Dowager Grand Duchess, who is her Majesty's aunt (not great-aunt), was born in 1822, and is thus ninety years of age. She was Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and was the only sister of the late Duchess of Teck. She was married at Buckingham Palace in 1843 to the late Grand Duke Frederick William of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Her son, the present Grand Duke Adolf Friedrich, married, in 1877, Princess Elisabeth of Anhalt. Princess Mary, it may be added, had already been abroad before, though not to Germany.

Important to every Mother

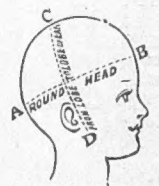
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Special Order Form.

To S. K. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

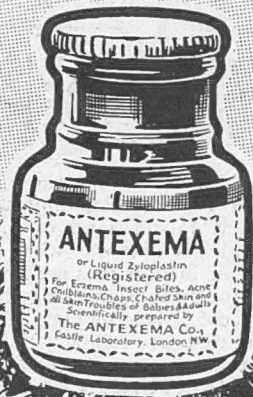
Herewith please find postal order value 4/- for the Claxton Patent Ear-Cap. The measurement right round head, touching points A and B, is and from lobe to lobe of ears, marked D, touching at point C, is

Name

Address

The Sketch, 28/8/12.

Seize the



Opportunity

Are you worried and tormented by the horrible incessant irritation of eczema? Is your skin disfigured by spots, red, angry-looking pimples, or a breaking-out that looks unsightly? Have you a bad leg that seems as if it never would get better? Have you been to doctors, specialists, and tried one so-called remedy after another without result, until now you cannot believe cure is possible? If that is how you feel, seize the opportunity of trying Antexema at once. This extraordinary British skin remedy always gives instant relief, and quickly works a thorough and permanent cure. You are not asked to spend money in testing Antexema. The risk is ours, but as a matter of fact, Antexema is bound to stop the itching and give you restful sleep, and rid you of your complaint.

Accept the offer now made to you, and you will find the relief you so much need. The trial we will send will start your cure, and if you keep your eczema, face spots, your bad leg or hands, a breaking-out, inflamed pimples, an irritating rash, shingles, or scalp trouble, all we can say is, "Your suffering is unnecessary. All you can be cured, and we are anxious to cure you." You should therefore "seize the opportunity" while you can. The first application of Antexema will convince you of its merits.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to any chemist or stores to-day and get a bottle of Antexema. Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Stores, and Lewis and Burrow's supply it at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d., or post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

➡ Sign this Form ➡
and get your Antexema Free Trial at once

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.—Please send me family handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps, also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap.

Name

THE SKETCH, 28/8/12. Address